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A QUARTERLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

Fifteenth Anniversary Number Irita Van Doren, Special Editor

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The Cows, the Tigers and the Angels	*Donald A. Stauffer*
The American Scholar, *A Poem*	*Helen Bevington*
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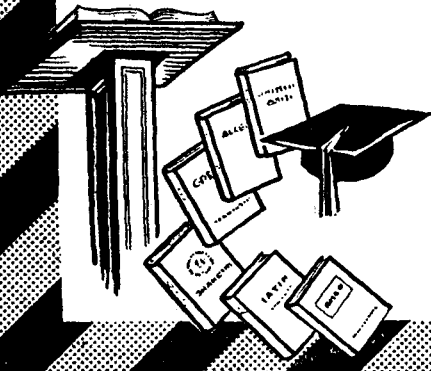

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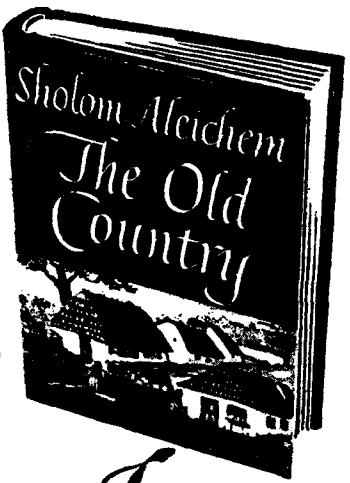

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— Emerson

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

VOLUME 15 *Autumn 1946* NUMBER 4

A Bombardment Invited—Stones and Ideas

SHORTLY after the plans had been laid for THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR I met with a disappointment. I have a younger friend, a Phi Beta Kappa man of fifteen years standing, who is also a novelist of considerable distinction. In the hope of enlisting new talent I had appealed to him for a contribution. He refused curtly and emphatically. Only after I had pressed him for some time would he give me his reasons.

"You ask me," he said, "what I think of the prospects of the magazine. Not much. You will have an editorial board of four and twenty Phi Beta Kappa men baked in a pie. But when and if the pie is opened, no blackbird will begin to sing. You will only cheep to each other. The trouble is that you have turned Phi Beta Kappa into a mutual admiration society. In the academic sphere you correspond to our Daughters of the American Revolution. Your position is as paradoxical as theirs. They have everything to excess except the spirit of their founders. You too, date from the Revolution, but nobody would guess it. You are supposedly our intellectual leaders but you content yourselves with being sheerly intellectual. You do not lead. You huddle together like sheep behind the scholars. Nobody even deigns to throw a stone at you. What you need is not a new magazine but a little good, healthy persecution. It would teach you that there is a suffering world around you. Your magazine will be lofty. It will be as far above the concerns of the ordinary reader as the angels are over the earth. It will be written in Grammatical English, will contain not a single split infinitive. Like Ariosto's horse, it will possess all imaginable qualities, only it will be dead.

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"I can tell you even now what every number will be like. It will contain seventeen Latin quotations and the reader will have to brace himself lest some belated Greek professor startle him with *gnothi seauton* or something equally novel. There will be an article on the sacrifices demanded by the life of scholarship, another on the impermeability of the American undergraduate to ideas. Every second number will contain a Phi Beta Kappa oration celebrating the glories of the society, but unprintable in any unsubsidized magazine. In every fourth number some academic pundit will 'steam himself up' to deplore the rising tide of journalese." My friend insisted that this word, journalese, one of the worst hybrids in our American language, had been foisted on the public by the Phi Beta Kappa man. He had attended three dinners since his own initiation into the society. At every one of the three a condescending reference to journalese had elicited smug and universal approval. "I now realize fully what a terrible menace newspaper English is; there is only one worse, and that is professorial English. I therefore offer a suggestion. Now that for twenty-five years you have all laughed yourselves sick over the poor hack who has only a half hour in which to turn in his copy, why shouldn't you hire some renegade member, say a journalist like myself, to weep officially in your columns over the painfully elaborated, yet still unintelligible and frequently dull-as-ditch-water professorial English of Phi Beta Kappa men, which appears in the stuffy unread files of learned publications?"

The novelist waxed eloquent. There was only one way in which a Phi Beta Kappa magazine could succeed. We were over one hundred and fifty years old; there was no further need of demonstrating the obvious to the world outside or even to each other; time had proved conclusively the dullness of the average undergraduate; we could now take for granted the sacrifices we had all made and the scholarship we had all acquired. But instead of adjourning at that point, and patting ourselves and each other on the back, let us begin right there.

I submitted the novelist's objections to the editorial staff. By a rising and unanimous vote they invited my friend to cast the first stone and begin our persecution. Anyone who, like him,

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is nursing a grievance against Phi Beta Kappa, or who has been maturing an idea, even a disturbing idea, about the social, political, economic or intellectual order which will interest the educated man, is hereby invited to join him in this bombardment. We shall welcome him as our returned prodigal son and kill for him the fatted editorial calf.

March 1, 1932 *Christian Gauss*

The Cows, the Tigers and the Angels

HAS the magazine achieved the dull depths that were so gloomily foreseen? The answer lies in the contents of this number — let the authors defend themselves. What worries me most is the prediction of Dean Gauss's friend that the magazine "will be as far above the concerns of the ordinary reader as the angels are over the earth." He states a perpetual embarrassment. Angels and common men have not mixed easily since the days of the Apocrypha. Ambitious projects for uniting the two have usually proved as funny as the love affair between Titania and Bottom.

Before we leave the subject of angels, it might be well to disentomb the medieval idea of their nature: that angels have all the attributes of ordinary men, plus something more. The trouble with many angelic aspirants is that they are *solely* interested in their own highest qualities, so that they set up pitched battles between what they consider the higher and the lower. This unfortunate absolutism has made fairly nauseous fighting words out of such phrases as "the intelligentsia," or "highbrow magazines," or "intellectual aristocracy," or "social uplift." Yet the tendency can be avoided. The first duty of any organization, institution or individual dedicated to intellectual betterment, whether social or personal, is to break down boundaries and prevent the dissipation of energy through useless quarrels or through the fatal holier-than-thou assumption in any form whatsoever. "Versus" is a destructive word.

The second duty is the maintenance — or if necessary, the establishment — of frameworks of belief within which the average

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life can operate without bewilderment. If this demand sounds like a crying in the wilderness, it must be because the wilderness is here and the cry is needed. Few would deny the tangled skepticism and muddled thought in this new Alexandrian age. The inextricably intertwined jungles of our civilizations constitute one world only in their common confusion. Nothing is trusted except the individual happening: the news item, the laboratory experiment, the statistical analysis, the peace pact or labor agreement for today. The cyclical movement toward a merciless materialism has been intensified by the brute fact of war as arbiter. Yes or No answers are admired for their momentary finality, and the crude dialectic which has become our habit makes it easy to interpret this whole paragraph as an attempt to destroy one type of thinking through suggesting that other types are possible and necessary.

Yet if any member of Phi Beta Kappa, or of the American community, believes that "Philosophy the guide of life" means anything at all, then he must set individual events and emotions in a more general frame. Though the examined life is difficult to achieve, its mode alone separates us from the cows and the cowslips. Philosophy — whether as natural philosophy, political philosophy, moral philosophy or theology — originally set up those abstractions (and belief in those abstractions) which in many broils now seem under attack: fraternity, human dignity, justice, order, truth, God. Lack of philosophy is replacing them with cynicism and a dependence on sheer force and number. It seems not much to ask for a little fair play, a little altruism, a little realization that ends do not justify means. Yet that little cannot be achieved, or assured, unless we restore, little by little, belief in general and permanent truths.

Such an undertaking may be among the miseries and necessities of our quarterlies. Whether it is possible to better the world by thinking within impersonal frameworks is an open question. But without thinking, we had best call it quits at once, and join the cows and the cowslips. And the adding machines. And the man-eating tigers.

October 1, 1946 *Donald A. Stauffer*

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The American Scholar

Helen Bevington

The one I cornered
Had an absent air
And Leibnitz in his pocket — surely one,
So clearly learnèd, with his thinning hair,
To label scholar, Mr. Emerson.
I sought him among speculative men
Whom you admonished to be brave and free,
Man Thinking. And, like any citizen,
He had a fairly thoughtful look to me.

I'd say he was bemused,
As yet distrait
By perils of a monumental kind
To plain and fancy thinking in our day,
A man who had serenity in mind
And noted wryly from his reading room
The irony of your immortal quip
On popguns (since affirmed the crack of doom),
And turned to Leibnitz for companionship.

He faced the question,
Mr. Emerson,
Which thoughts were more infallible and wise —
On books or on catastrophe, if one
Could choose his intellectual exercise.
I think he took philosophy, aware
Of stars and portents in the evening sky,
And made of life a scholarly affair,
And was as brave and free as you or I.

© HELEN BEVINGTON's poems have appeared frequently in *The New Yorker* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. A group of her verses was published in the Spring, 1946, number of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR and a volume, *Dr. Johnson's Waterfall and Other Poems*, will come out in November.

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The learnèd countryman
By you devised
Was braver, but imaginary, taught,
It seems, the scholar's province, well-advised
In the vast flexibilities of thought
To comprehend himself, the world and me,
Equipped to save us, every year or so.
Our leaning toward disaster is, you see,
Brisk as it was a century ago.

I met a native scholar
With a book,
Late version of the meditative man,
Having the build, the academic look.
Whether you would be confident to scan
His features, seeking the heroic mind
And the prophetic vision (overdue),
I could but wonder. Whether you would find
Man Thinking was of course a riddle, too.

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Palestine Diary

Bartley Crum

ON BOARD THE QUEEN ELIZABETH
January 18, 1946

I realize that we — six Englishmen, six Americans, all of us with varied backgrounds and viewpoints — are just beginning to understand the complexities that are ahead of us.

Of one thing I am convinced — that the British want, above all else, to keep the friendship of the United States. In fact, my over-all impression is that this is the most important part of their mission with us — a desire to recapture the wartime partnership of Churchill and Roosevelt. They see a dark world future without Anglo-American cooperation.

January 19, 1946

We have spent much of our time trying to state the questions that are involved. The Republican and Democratic platforms on a Jewish state were over-simplifications of an intricate situation. For example, our own State Department is worried about an aroused Arab world. Its concern is shared — obviously — by the British Foreign Office and the British Colonial Office. This temporizing is not consistent: either with the statements made by F.D.R. before the 1944 elections, with the platforms of our two major parties, or with the declarations and policy statements of the British Labor Party before the July 1945 election. In short, the two foreign departments appear to follow a policy directly at variance with the enunciated policies of the British and American governments.

It seems to me that we must face the problems head on. There

© BARTLEY C. CRUM, San Francisco lawyer, was one of the six American members of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine.

These excerpts are from the actual diary Mr. Crum kept while serving on the Committee.

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is no middle ground. And I must say that the statement of Mr. Churchill on his arrival in New York, that he had always been a Zionist, casts doubt in my mind on the validity of our State Department position. Surely, if the situation in regard to the Arabs is as grave as pictured to us, Mr. Churchill would not have spoken as he did. There is also the matter of written promises — the Balfour Declaration, the Mandate, the exchange between Prince Feisal and Felix Frankfurter.

January 20, 1946

It is becoming increasingly evident that the main fear of the British about this whole business of Palestine is that the Arab world, in the event of a decision which they might regard as too favorable for the Jews, would turn to Soviet Russia. The U.S.S.R., if it moved into the Middle East, might threaten the British lifeline. That explains British tenderness for the Arab world. But the idea of the Arab world as a new *cordon sanitaire* strikes me as foolish, particularly when one considers the Arab position during the war.

The over-all question is whether the western democracies have moral integrity. If they don't, I think the Middle East may become the breeding place of a new war.

* * *

London

January 23, 1946

I learned on this first day in London that there is evidence in the hands of the American authorities in Nuremberg that the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem suggested to the Nazis that the poison gas chambers be used to exterminate the Jews.

January 24, 1946

The British are better staffed than we, know their subject well and are extremely articulate. The British expert (Beeley of the Foreign Office) has been most cooperative, as has Vinson, the British secretary of the Committee. It is therefore not unnatural that we have turned to them for matters of information. But there is increasing dissatisfaction among our countries that this should be necessary.

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January 25, 1946

Our London hearings began today. The evidence is mainly cumulative. The record is clear.

Judge Hutcheson asked many questions, most of them directed to the "Jewish State" idea. The notion is repellent to him in the form presented by the Zionists — that is, the imposition of a new majority of Jews upon an existing majority of Arabs — thereby making Palestinian Arabs into a minority.

Three of us, Americans, called on Chaim Weizmann at his hotel after the day's public hearings closed. It is astonishing how strongly he resembles Lenin. I was told that Lenin and he were in Switzerland together — that is, at the same time — and were quite frequently mistaken for each other. He is quite old, but has a clear grasp of the whole business. He thinks it a great mistake that the Zionists did not accept at once the suggestion of the Royal Commission for partition. He has regretfully come to the same conclusion as Dr. Goldman [Dr. Nakum Goldman] and favors partition — perhaps will urge it privately. He would like to see a state on a democratic basis with a Jewish majority in the near future. The only way this can be done is, he thinks, by partition, and by aiding in the migration of about 100,000 Jews at once into Palestine. He told us that the idea of a "national home" came from Herzl and was a literal translation of a German phrase used by him. We explained to him the Judge's feeling about the word "state" — its narrow nationalistic meaning. And he agreed. What he has in mind is a government of some kind through which things might get done. He pointed out, for example, that it was quite impossible to get the Jordan Valley Authority under way without government powers. The difficulties of doing anything real without machinery was what is in his mind. It is his opinion that the Jews can come to an understanding with the Arabs *if* they can have a government. This he considers essential. He believes that if the Peel report had been carried out, there would be at least half a million more Jews alive.

January 27, 1946

Another conversation with Dr. Weizmann. He told us much

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of the early history of Zionism. He believes very strongly that most of the trouble about Palestine stems from the fact that the Jewish homeland — vis-à-vis the Balfour Declaration — coincided with the rise to power of the Bolsheviki. He pointed out that during Kerensky's brief regime the Russian Zionists raised 300,000,000 rubles which were promptly confiscated by the Bolsheviki. The outlawing of Zionism in Russia cut off, he said, the principal source of Jewish immigration. He believes that the idea of Communism is associated sub-consciously with the idea of a Jewish state, and that this has been most unfortunate.

January 28, 1946

We were all entertained at luncheon by Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Minister, who made a frank speech. *He said that the British government would accept the recommendations of the committee*, but that he was convinced that racial states could no longer exist. This struck me as a little odd, considering that the British set up Trans-Jordania as a completely Arab state.

Judge Hutcheson made an admirable and very American speech by way of reply.

It is plain that the British do not want a Jewish state with its present boundaries. They seem to be coming to consideration — at least — of the idea of partition.

February 1, 1946

Further hearings. Pretty much the same stuff we heard in Washington. But much more restrained; outlinings of Zionist position, positions of other groups, etc. We had a full Arab delegation today, headed by Prince Feisal, King Ibn-Saud's son. All of the Arabs expressed violent opposition to any further Jewish immigration. The Arabs were followed by the British Communists, whose position, singularly enough to me, was anti-Jewish.

* * *

FRANKFURT

February 6, 1946

This is like a city of the dead. This afternoon Sir Frederick Leggett and I, as the subcommittee for the American zone of Germany, interviewed the city's sole surviving German-Jewish

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rabbi — Dr. S. Neuhaus. He is alive because of a letter. In the First World War he informed General von Hindenberg of Russian movements in Prussia. Von Hindenberg wrote him a warm letter of commendation. Luckily, he preserved it, and it kept the Nazis from murdering him.

* * *

MUNICH
February 10, 1946

We have seen several D.P. camps now, and each one confirmed my first impression that something has to be done immediately for these pitiful survivors.

Their stories are unbelievably tragic — we saw practically no intact families, that is, of parents and children. All of the survivors are alone, alive only because the Allied armies came in time to prevent the murder planned for them.

I commented to one witness that Bevin had said that if there should be a mass migration of Jews from Europe it would mean that Hitler — or his aims — had won the war. He answered that Hitler had indeed won his war against the Jews. Six million dead — and most appalling, that figure includes a whole generation of children. There were very few children in the camps, hardly any old people. Only the strong and lucky are alive.

I don't see how they can keep from leaping at the throat of every German they see.

It has been a definite shock to realize that they are afraid to go any place but Palestine — *even to the United States*, although it was given as second choice usually if Palestine were unavailable. At one camp, however, where there were quite a few Polish Jews, they gave "crematorium" as their choice if they couldn't go to Palestine.

They are in deadly fear of the anti-Semitism which they told us they knew was stronger than ever in Europe. One of our interpreters, Lieutenant Zorek, who looks "pure Aryan" although he is Jewish, says they have reason to be terrified. Because of his deceptive blondness, a lot of Germans have confided their bitter anti-Semitism to him.

It would not be accurate to say the camps are concentration

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camps, but they are just as bad for these desperate people. I am afraid they will commit mass suicide or try to fight their way out to Palestine if something isn't done. Everywhere we heard but one cry: *Wir will nach Palestina!* (We demand to go to Palestine!)

February 11, 1946

We were granted an interview with Cardinal Faulhaber, who said that he felt anti-Semitism is anti-Christian. His house was damaged by the Nazis in several attempts to kill him. His Eminence is a large, gentle-looking man.

* * *

NUREMBERG

February 12, 1946

Judge Rifkind arranged for me to talk with Mr. Justice Jackson. I mentioned the affadavit that incriminated the Mufti in the mass murder of the Jews. He replied that he was familiar with it, but it was not strong enough. I could see that the subject was unpleasant to him, so I dropped it.

I am not impressed with the Nuremberg trials. The common law is a developing process, created out of necessity and growing constantly. The whole concept of the Nuremberg trials is to create a new body of law — completely artificial.

The German war leaders are very small men being blown up by all this. Certainly the Germans are being conditioned to feel that the giants of the earth are being brought to trial.

* * *

PRAGUE

February 14, 1946

We called today on President Beneš. He lives in one of the old palaces of the Hapsburgs, which commands a magnificent view of the entire city of Prague. It is sparsely furnished.

Beneš explained the policy of the Czech government about Jews, and added that the government was having some difficulty with the Slovenes. They are bitterly anti-Semitic. He called our attention to the formal position of the Czechoslovakian government, which was made public on October 2, 1945, after trouble at Velke. Later Ambassador Steinhardt gave us a copy of the

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communique of the Czechoslovakian government, in which after the cabinet heard the report of the deputy prime minister they expressed their deepest condemnation of the outrages which they said endangered the honor of Czechoslovakia. They went even further and not only put the culprits in jail, but for the first time since the war compensated the Slovakian Jews who had suffered losses by reason of the outrages.

The reason Beneš has taken such a strong position, he said, is because he believes that such attempts at inciting anti-Jewish feelings were really Fascist plots to undermine the new state. He is determined at all costs to defend the reputation of Czechoslovakia against these new efforts to cause dissension.

Benes added that although there was no trouble in the Czech end of the country, there were many Jews in Czechoslovakia who had elected to be regarded as racially Germans. Under Czech law the Jews were required to say whether they were racially German or racially Jews. Many of them, of course, spoke only German — from the old Austrian days — and regarded themselves as part of German culture. The result is that unless such Jews can prove that they participated in the underground partisan movement against the Nazis or actively fought against them, they will be deported back to Germany as Germans. This is a very serious problem, President Beneš explained.

* * *

VIENNA

February 16, 1946

It is really "reunion in Vienna," with the whole committee reassembling. I am at the famous old Sacher Hotel. Vienna is sad, although not nearly so badly damaged as the German cities we saw. The people are shabby, but there are operas and symphonies every night. The Red Army is omnipresent, and on the front of the Russian headquarters there is an enormous picture of Stalin, at least fifty feet high.

February 21, 1946

The testimony we have heard here from frightened, desperate Jews has the same poignancy as that we heard in Germany. All

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they can think about is getting to Palestine. The statistics on the Nazi mass murder grow more horrible — there were 180,000 Jews in Austria when Hitler came into power. Now there are 5,000.

The sub-committee that went to Poland saw the ruins of the Warsaw ghetto, where bodies of thousands of Jews are buried underneath the rubble. It was ghastly, they said. They found anti-Semitism dangerously prevalent, and the Polish Jews left — one out of eight — are in terror of their lives.

We had one humorous incident — when Crossman, his secretary and I made a short trip to the British zone. The British military escort at the station ignored us for awhile. Instead of expecting Crossman, Crum and Miss White, they were looking for Rabbi Grossman, Rabbi Cohen and Fraulein Weiss.

I feel that the relations between the Russians and Americans in Vienna are pretty good. It is fairly clear, however, that the British, Americans and French cooperate and arrive at decisions in advance before consultation with the Soviet military authorities, and that this policy leads to further misunderstanding and suspicion.

* * *

CAIRO

February 28, 1946

We had two days in Italy, going to Bari, the end of the underground railway for smuggling Jews to Palestine. Had a few hours in Athens before flying here. Its present misery blots out its glorious past.

We are staying at the elegant Mena house, where Roosevelt and Churchill met, practically across the street from the Pyramids. We are heavily guarded by Egyptian police and soldiers — anti-British demonstrations seem to be expected. I think the guarding is overdone. My first sight of the Arab world is not favorable — the squalor of Cairo is indescribable.

March 4, 1946

The Arab witnesses gave the same testimony we heard from Arabs in Washington and London. Azzam Pasha, secretary-general of the Arab League, disclosed the real Arab position when

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he said that the Arab League objected to the Jews coming to Palestine because they are really "Westerners in disguise." The Arabs don't want Western civilization or Western democracy — I am convinced that is the real base for their opposition to the Jews.

* * *

JERUSALEM

March 6, 1946

Coming to Jerusalem I was amazed at the resemblance to southern California — rolling hills, flashes of bright green intermittently in the barren-looking country, the same quick change from sea to mountains.

When we arrived here an armed escort took us to the King David Hotel, in the modern part of the City. It looks like an armed camp, with pillboxes above the entrance to the hotel. There is barbed wire everywhere. Guards armed with machine guns are stationed in the halls. Secret police follow us constantly.

I noticed, however, that Arabs and Jews were walking down the street together, and Jewish shops and Arab shops are side by side.

March 10, 1946

The most amazing thing to me in Palestine has been what the Jews have done to restore the land — they have literally made the desert bloom. The experts who testified see no limit to the possibilities if the Jews are permitted to continue and expand their development program. If the Jordan Valley Authority can be implemented, at least three or four million people could be absorbed. The British are indifferent, but the irrigation and power project would do for Palestine and a large part of the Middle East what was done for California's Imperial Valley, and in fact a large part of our Far West.

The Kibbutzim — communal farms — are outstanding. I was interested that one — located on a hill — has a Roman Catholic Arab community for a neighbor on a nearby hill, and a typical Arab village at the foot of the hill. When we stopped in the Arab village, I saw a little Jewish boy translating a letter for an elderly Arab. We saw very friendly relationships between the Jews and Arabs — the Jewish and Arab people — all through Palestine.

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I have no doubts that it is the Arab leaders and interested foreign parties who are causing the trouble. The great good that the Jews have brought to this badly-neglected land is so apparent that opposition to their colonization is incomprehensible unless one considers the anti-democratic motives underlying that opposition.

The hearings were enlightening, especially when the Grand Mufti's nephew — Jamallel Husseini — admitted that if an Arab state were created in Palestine, the Mufti, the Arab leader who said "Kill every Jew," would be head of the first provisional government to be set up.

The sorrow of Palestinian Jewry over the plight of the Jews in Europe is intense. There are different political groups within Palestinian Jewry, but they are absolutely unified on admission of the remnants of their people. The Jewish Agency leaders — David Ben-Gurion and Moshe Shertok — were especially eloquent. Dr. Judah Magnes made a great impression on all of us — he looks like a modern saint. The Zionist position was clear, covering lifting of the immigration restrictions, removal of the drastic land laws, and formation of a Jewish state.

* * *

TEL-AVIV

Tel-Aviv is something I shall never forget. It is an amazing city, truly the Paris of the Middle East. The British said it was an impossible site and idea when building first began.

I think the Colonial Office has been shortsighted in many things. The neglect of the mandate provisions has largely led to the present situation, which strikes me as similar in some ways to that of Ireland in the days of The Trouble.

I talked to a member of the resistance movement. He felt that the Arabs had used violence, and were rewarded by the White Paper, which discriminated so cruelly against the Jews of Palestine. The Zionist leaders counseled restraint, warned against any use of force, and the Jewish situation grew worse. He said that patience and moderation had failed utterly, and that he felt there was no alternative but violence. The people have given up hope, he told me. The men in the resistance movement are sincere if fanatic patriots — the Sinn Feiners of Palestine.

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MALTA

We are here overnight. I am surprised that the language of Malta is Semitic — the native Maltese can understand an Arab. They can also understand Hebrew as well as the Arabs do.

* * *

LAUSANNE

We have had endless days of debate. But our report is unanimous, and ready, as Judge Hutcheson said, after "wanderings in many lands in search of truth and justice."

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When Diplomats Meet At Noon

Eve Triem

What was told us is not so. . .
No longer bombs for comets at noon,
but radio-rumors, fortuneteller's cards, fly into a blind horizon.
The *voice* is shameless, laughter edged with venom
and teaching new tricks.
And again the Knave of Diamonds covers the Queen of Clubs.
They sell their deceptions like cherries.

No longer massed guns pointed at cities,
but the double-hunger for bread and truth
sits in every face, while a wind strips the summer to one rose
and drops the Ace of Spades at every door.

Why did we buy *tomorrow* with the blood of boys
and bring it home like a coveted coat?
It is of false wool and giddy with fool's spangles.
For this they lay among tears and rubble
promising the blood on stones
a name like trumpets and a new Heaven at noon.

Look in the mirror. It is always so in Time's bedlam:
the foolish color, the strut of fools,
the painted-in mouth twisted to taste the fashionable lie.

EVE TRIEM's poems have appeared in *Poetry;* the *Yale Review* and the *New York Times*. Her first book of poems, entitled *Parade of Doves*, sponsored by the League to Support Poetry, will be published in November.

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The Scientist Outside the Laboratory

Harlow Shapley

THIS is a time of crisis. The situation is not trivial. It is not just a crop failure and the foreclosure of ten thousand mortgages; not merely a ten-year business depression; not as negligible as a political squabble between "ins" and "outs." Such human episodes would leave the scientist quietly working in his laboratory. But this is really serious, and now the scientist and technologist, and many formerly quiet citizens, are out in the open trying to tell us something; trying to get their technical words and specialized thinking and feeling tempered to the language of the farm, factory and legislature.

Scientists do not like this new out-of-the-laboratory life. But their knowledge makes them responsible to the public that supports and enjoys their scientific labors. They must help point out that the situation is not hopeless, but that it needs immediate public attention, vigorous public interest, or it can soon become hopeless. They should insist that there is nothing incurably wrong with innate human nature; the wrong just now is deep in our habits of international conversation on the official political level.

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This article, in expanded form, was given as a lecture at the University of Minnesota.

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Diplomacy seems to connote disputation and contest. Diplomats seem to thrive on failure to cooperate, while scientists cooperate automatically the world over. There are about 500 international scientific and technical organizations. They go about their business naturally on the One World principle. The members start no wars. They do not bluster, strut, lie, walk out of conferences, or rattle their big telescopes and cyclotrons and say "You believe my cosmogonical theory, you accept my interpretation of neutrons, or else!" No, they invite others to join in the mutual use of their telescopes, in the cataloguing of the stars or fish, or jointly publishing the constants of engineering and planetary orbits — because science, like music and art, and like food and health, is not limited in meaning or operation by national boundary lines.

Of course science is simple and straightforward as compared with politics. The relativity theory, as you may have heard, requires intellectual effort for clear comprehension, but it is elementary in comparison with the intricacies of our complicated, many-nationality, world society. The scientist should remember, therefore, that cause and effect are not as clearly related outside the laboratory and machine shop as they are inside. In social problems, approximate solutions and experimental procedures must be admitted, with high probability of many mistakes. Geniuses among the world's administrators, and great social inventors, are much needed at this time of social crisis; and they appear to be scarce. The emergency is here. It is in a sense a new world that we can accept or decline. To accept the responsibility may lead to social triumph. To decline will almost certainly lead to disaster.

Do men wish to devote the products of their ingenuity to human welfare? The answer of course is affirmative. But these inventive men of good intention must overcome serious obstacles that are inherent in our social system. Otherwise their creations are futile. In the capitalistic order, which we have found very suitable for the development of our new country, we emphasize the merit of dollars in large quantities. In consequence, the chief obstacle for the one who would invent not for the richness but for the welfare of mankind is greed. Too few recognize it as an

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obstacle. In fact, individual greed and corporate greed are accepted as a kind of virtue. We do not even like to call greed, greed. We prefer words like thrift, wealth, success. And we are inclined to treat as un-American and subversive any talk about human rights transcending property rights.

Because of our greed philosophy, we feel guilty when we inquire why our American delegation on the International Atomic Energy Commission should be composed almost wholly of financiers and of industrialists whose professional expertness is in the competitive accumulation of wealth, whatever their manners and personal philosophies may be.

But greed for property is not at the present time the only obstacle that besets the creator of material and intellectual assets for the welfare of mankind. He must contend also with the power-and-prestige greed in our military and bureaucratic personnel. The situation has arisen naturally as a result of the inflations and distortions of war. Time will alleviate these power-lusts, we hope. The joint action of time and of a protesting citizenry should soon wear down such stupid obstacles to creative progress.

Progress, which inventive men will encourage, is not to be chiefly through the development of atomic power and atomic adaptability. Uranium and plutonium have received an undue share of publicity, glory and calumny. The atomic age was upon us, and our civilization was endangered from man's power of mass destruction, long before the first atomic bomb exploded. It was well upon us some fifteen years ago when electronics came of age, when the cyclotron commenced to take atoms to pieces, when the ground work was being laid for the rapid development of the sulfa drugs and the antibiotics from molds. Even if the atom bomb could not have been constructed, our great urban cultures were in desperate danger from the development in the past few years of guided missiles, jet propulsion, rocket planes, and the devilish devices of biological warfare, proximity fuses, and from other developments in the technology of mass murder. The dangers of the age were upon us and another war had become impossible before the last one was completed and before the bomb appeared.

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But the developments of pre-bomb days carried with them the seeds of a new cultural revolution as well as the threat of destruction. The developments in electronics, fuels, aeronautics, and the disease eliminators began to make living exceedingly attractive. The release of atomic energy has simply enhanced both the potential good and the potential evil, and has succeeded in emphasizing the situation as no other single technical device could have done.

When the bomb blew up, our complacency went also; and the bomb's flash incited an unusual social awareness in the ranks of scientists and scholars. The administrators and legislators in Washington took serious thought about science in the national economy. "If science is what you claim it is, and I believe you are right," said a highly placed and potent government official some months ago, "it should be central in our Government's responsibility and not peripherally scattered in a group of miscellaneous scientific bureaus." And many an American began to wonder if there were not a lesson, or perhaps a warning, in the systematic devotion of the Russian Government in recent times to science and the scientists.

Here are some assignments to inventive men:

1. Devise psychological criteria, and revise them frequently, so that the diplomats of one nation can understand the manners and the methods of diplomats of another. We need an escape from the common assumption that underlies our current attitudes that — "they do not do it in the American way, and therefore they are wrong."

2. Devise an equable distribution system so that contrasts between surpluses and deficits can be diminished the world over, and localized starvations can be eliminated.

3. Invent inexpensive methods for the transformation into effective fuels and palatable foods of the now worthless brush and scrub timber, which covers much of New England and other wilderness regions. In other words solve the major problems of botanical waste.

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4. Plan a social development that will be ready to accommodate the mass production of leisure time that technology can soon provide for all those cursed with routine labor.

5. Create a widespread movement in home and community crafts and arts that will elevate the artistic taste of the American people, and provide incidentally for the discovery and release of the hidden great artists among us.

These are serious and not easy assignments. And perhaps as a physical scientist I should be prophesying inventions in scientific equipment — not indulging in untutored dreaming, away from home in the fields of social and economic evolution. We easily imagine electron telescopes, lunar rockets and space ships, devices for boring toward the center of the earth in search of knowledge and the eternal heat supply, new hybrid food plants, tornado destroyers, forestation of an iceless Greenland, and cows that grow calves in litters. But such mechanical and biological challenges to inventive men are widely presented, both by science writers and by idle dreamers. They are good, but not best; exciting, but not top priority. The greatest opportunity at the present time, the greatest need for creative skill, lies in the realm of world-wide social plans and devices that will make it possible for civilized man to continue to live and create on this confused planet, and make him want to live it out to the full of his capacity. The scientist has a role outside the laboratory.

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The Meaning of Psychosomatic Medicine

Carl Binger

THE notion that the mind and body are closely related in their behavior is as old as medicine and philosophy. Aristotle and Hippocrates knew it; Paracelsus proclaimed it; and Jean Paul Marat elaborated upon it — he whose career as a distinguished ophthalmologist ended before he took his tragic part in the French Revolution. But for the more modern origins of what is now called psychosomatic medicine we must look to the Germany of the early eighteen hundreds — particularly to the work of Nasse (1778–1851) and Jacobi (1775–1858).

In America, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., was alive to the effects of social and personal problems on health, but he judged his professional colleagues not yet ready to accept such ideas, so he dispensed them in the form of his three "medicated novels"— *Elsie Venner*, *A Mortal Antipathy* and *The Guardian Angel.* Toward the close of the last century a Boston physician, Dr. Robert T. Edes, wrote *The New England Invalid*, a classical description of a familiar type of woman patient in whom emotional disturbances and physical symptoms co-exist. A few years later Dr. James Jackson Putnam, the first professor of Neurology at Harvard, and one of the earliest Americans to come under the influence of Freud, wrote an article called "Not the Disease Only But Also the Man."

These random historical items are straws pointing the wind. Many others could be found. In our own time and place it is Dr.

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George Draper who deserves credit for his emphasis on the "psychological panel" of human constitution. As early as 1928 he published a paper in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association with the title: "Disease, a Psysomatic Reaction." Later the more euphonious *cho* was inserted and the word *Psychosomatic* came into being. It seems to have come to stay. It is not altogether a happy choice. Its synthetic form emphasizes the very division which it purports and pretends to unite. What the name should denote is that the mind and body are one, that there is no *psyche* without *soma* and no *soma* without *psyche*, that these labels apply to two aspects of a single life process. And yet, by its implication, the term psychosomatic puts asunder what God hath joined together.

It is true that for convenience we are obliged to separate the mind from the body because we still need quite different tools for studying them. We cannot scrutinize the emotions with a microscope, nor measure the blood flow through the kidneys by holding a sympathetic interview with them. But the purpose of this separation is to achieve an holistic view of man and his illnesses. We proceed as we did in the old-fashioned method of treating a split lip, which was to split it further — so that it would heal from the bottom up.

We are still far from such a goal. We have in fact no operational concept to test — no unifying hypothesis which bridges the gap between what is mind and what is body; no explanation of how they influence each other. It is not enough to say that the mind is the output of the functioning brain, as hydrochloric acid is the output of certain glands in the mucous lining of the stomach. There are those who believe that all mentation (perception, emotion, volition, etc.) *is* muscular activity. Such a view has the advantage of simplicity. To those holding it there is no cleft separating the psychic from the somatic. But it is an assertion still in need of proof.

The concept of a mind-stuff is another attempt to find a unifying principle. If there were a material substance with the properties of mind, governed by thermodynamic laws, then we could proceed with our observations on surer grounds. Psychology

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would be a physical science, the millennium around the corner, and the lion and the lamb at last comfortable bedfellows. But that is still in the nature of a pipe dream.

We are forced, therefore, to pursue each discipline, that is the physiological and the psychological, with its own appropriate technique — striving always to establish correlations. We must not labor the argument of "causality." That is both foolish and premature, and leads merely to a chicken and egg analogy.

In this field of psychosomatic medicine we are not dealing with such invariable relationships as might be expressed in the statement: A acting on B produces C. Illness is not always the immutable effect of some cause but rather the outcome of a process of development in which innumerable factors play a role. The same is true of such social phenomena as wars.

In studying illness, therefore, we do not restrict our investigations to a search for causes but we analyze the processes by which individuals fall ill. When we do that we will find that many of the illnesses, misadventures, even diseases which men suffer, are critically dependent upon a disturbance of their emotions.

There is nothing new in this thought. It was inherent in the ancient theory of the bodily humors. Roman matrons guessed at it when they measured their daughters' necks to detect in them an erotic adventure. (Many years passed before the reciprocal influence of ovaries and thyroid through the anterior portion of the pituitary gland was found to exist.)

When the Scottish surgeon, John Hunter (1728–1793), made his famous remark, "I am at the mercy of any rascal who causes me to lose my temper," and almost immediately thereafter, in a fit of rage succumbed to a heart attack, he too knew what every wise physician has always realized: that profound emotions express themselves in bodily changes and may, indeed, be the trigger which sets off a great variety of symptoms — some slight, some serious.

If, then, this has always been known to doctors of medicine, why all the fuss about psychosomatic medicine? Why this twenty-five dollar word? Why pour old wine into new bottles? Why organize a Society for Research in Psychosomatic Problems with

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more than 400 members? Why publish a periodical with a subscription list of some 2,000? Why print a series of monographs dealing with such subjects as bronchial asthma, peptic ulcer, colitis and arterial hypertension?

Have we any new knowledge to justify all of this activity? The truth is that we have — even if it is not yet all assimilated and organized. The twentieth century brought us, among others, three great scientists in the field of biology. Within the last few years all three have died: Walter B. Cannon, Ivan Pavlov and Sigmund Freud. Cannon would have none of Freud, though he acknowledged Pavlov as his intellectual father. Pavlov forbade his laboratory workers to use psychological language. Dissatisfied with the term "psychic secretion" for describing the flow of saliva in dogs stimulated by the smell of food or by other signals, he invented the term "conditioned reflex." He insisted on sticking to his physiologist's last. Both he and Cannon shied away from the concept of an unconscious mind.

Not so Freud. Although trained as a physiologist, and although himself a brilliant pupil of the French neurologist, Charcot, Freud turned his back on experimental biology. His laboratory was his study, his sole equipment a couch, his cats and dogs and guinea pigs — a suffering man. To think that his contribution is less mechanistic than the others is to misread him. He was interested primarily in mental mechanisms and in discovering the laws which govern them. He, therefore, examined such things as suppression and repression, projection, displacement and conversion. His luminous literary style, often a mixture of poetical and scientific phraseology, has caused him to be misjudged as less of an empirical scientist than he actually was, and it has, unfortunately, seduced some of his followers into a sterile scholasticism. But, like Prometheus, Freud was a Titan who gave us fire and he was made to suffer for it.

The essence of his thought lies in the concept of an unconscious mind — the very thing that neither Cannon nor Pavlov would accept, because there was no experimental "proof" for its existence. To Freud, man was like an iceberg: only a relatively small portion of his mental life is visible above the surface of the water.

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Man's habits, his choices, his errors, his wit, his genius, his loves and hates, his sickness and his health, the institutions which he creates and the civilization in which he lives — all are, in large measure, shaped and determined by impulses arising from the "submerged" part of himself. Because of various prohibitions and restrictions on his behavior these impulses cannot always hit their mark. His rages do not all lead to murder. A state of tension arises in him, and he strives always to relieve this tension by finding some acceptable outlet for his unruly and uncivilized impulses. If he is lucky he will learn, by a kind of trial and error method, to "sublimate" these impulses into useful, creative and gratifying activities. But there will always remain an irreducible minimum of tension which will find no such outlet. This will plague him, disturb him and be responsible not only for his dreams but for many of his symptoms.

It is here that Cannon took up the argument. He began with his early studies on the movements of the intestines. By the use of X-ray he noticed that the orderly, rhythmic peristalsis stopped when the experimental animal was in a state of excitement. This simple observation opened up for him the whole field of bodily response to strong emotion. From it followed logically his studies on the emergency function of the adrenal glands. Thence he turned to a consideration of the sympathetic and autonomic nervous system. He provided us with knowledge of the anatomical pathways and physiological mechanisms through which strong emotions discharge and produce profound changes in the effector organs: for example, in the skin, the blood, the heart, the arteries, the muscles, the stomach and intestines, the bronchial tree, etc.

If a dog barks at a cat — the cat will arch its back, stiffen its legs, bare its teeth and spit. Its pupils will dilate and the hair will stand up on its back. Any dog can see that, and so can we. But Cannon saw more. He saw the blood pressure rise, the heart accelerate, the stomach and intestines stop contracting. He saw that there was a change in the blood distribution, that more of the blood left the peripheral parts of the body and concentrated in the vital organs, that the blood became enriched in glucose

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— carrying this readily available fuel to the muscles — and that the clotting time of the blood was shortened, so that a wound inflicted on such a frightened cat would not bleed as profusely as it would if the cat were in a state of purring contentment. He put all of these findings together and explained them on the basis of an outpouring of adrenin — the secretion of the adrenal glands. He proved by a nice experiment that an increased production of adrenin actually occurred under circumstances of pain, hunger, fear and rage. And he concluded that an animal in such a state of excitation was physiologically prepared for "fight or flight."

You will see that Cannon, Pavlov and Freud were not far apart in their thinking, after all. Many of us go through life with our backs arched and our teeth bared — even when no one is barking at us. Perhaps we are "conditioned" to such a stance by events — real or imagined — of our childhood, to which we continue to react as if to an ever-present memory. Such early experiences, especially when forgotten, can dog our footsteps throughout our lives. A slight stimulus later in life can then set off a train of responses having no realistic or adaptive purpose. Such responses may appear as symptoms of illness — perhaps as a headache, or pain in the region of the heart, or an attack of asthma or again as gastrointestinal disturbances.

Behind these symptoms one must search for an emotion or a set of emotions which serves as the detonator of a kind of chain reaction. It is the task of psychosomatic medicine to uncover such emotional tensions, to decondition and reeducate the patient, in order to open up more useful and less destructive pathways to him. This is a new departure in medicine, although, of course, it relinquishes none of the established techniques of medical treatment. It requires a training and understanding which most physicians and surgeons do not yet possess.

Take, for example, the puzzling problem of stomach ulcer. The psychological study of the lives of patients suffering from ulcer has brought important facts about them to light. Apparently they are burdened by certain characteristic conflicts which they are unable to resolve. What appears outwardly to be a hard-driving, active, efficient go-getter proves actually to be a

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hungry, dependent man whose unsatisfied cravings for love he is unable to accept because they are too humiliating to him. They do not correspond to the picture he has of himself. He tries hard to compensate for his essential weakness. Indeed, he will often overcompensate. When his ambition is thwarted or his efforts toward success and accomplishment and leadership are too strained, he will have a tendency to run for cover, to slip back into a dependent childlike attitude, to put his thumb in his mouth, so to speak. Now there is reason to believe that these passive, receptive, thumb-sucking cravings, when not satisfied, as they can hardly be in such an upstanding he-man, and when continually repressed, find their expression in a primitive way. Just as anger and fear and pain may express themselves in the form of trembling and pallor and sweating, so the need to be loved and cared for, especially when denied, may express itself as a desire to be fed. The stomach is then constantly alerted and behaves as it does during digestion, continuously prepared for food that it does not receive.

This, in broad terms, is the formulation arrived at by Dr. Franz Alexander as the result of his psychoanalytic studies of a group of patients suffering from peptic ulcer. It represents, perhaps, only a rough approximation of the truth. No one has as yet conclusively demonstrated that a given emotional constellation is inexorably and uniquely linked with a somatic disturbance. But Alexander's views are challenging and point the way for further investigations.

Dr. Harold Wolff, in his ingeniously conceived and carefully executed experiments, has borne out in the main the views of Alexander. These experiments were performed on his laboratory assistant, Tom — a modern Alexis St. Martin. Like his famous scientific progenitor William Beaumont, Dr. Wolff observed the stomach through an opening in the abdominal wall. This opening, or stoma, was produced surgically in Tom after accidental closure of his oesophagus caused by drinking hot clam chowder. Dr. Wolff found that when Tom's hostility or resentment or anxiety was aroused the lining of his stomach became engorged and red, just as would his face, but when frightened or startled both would

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pale. When the mucous lining of the stomach is in an engorged state there is a sharp increase of acid production and vigorous muscular contraction of the stomach wall, and it is then unusually susceptible to injury. Even the most trifling damage results in hemorrhages and small erosions. If such an eroded area is deprived of its protective coating of mucus, an ulcer will form. Dr. Wolff was able to produce ulcers in Tom's stomach, but by covering them with a protective dressing they quickly healed.

Interesting though they are, these observations are not astonishing. Today most internists are aware of the importance of emotional tension in the symptoms of patients suffering from ulcer, and in their response to treatment. Indeed, a strange situation is arising in medical practice when patients of this kind are referred to psychiatrists for consultation. I saw one such recently. He was fidgety and ill at ease. At the close of the interview he said, "Gee, I didn't know it was going to be like this. I thought you would hypnotize me, or give me one of those new drugs, and get me to tell you something horrible about myself!" Actually, we had discussed his habits of life, his family situation and his work. He was one of those eager, industrious men, always in a hurry, always too early for appointments, never satisfied with himself, a hard player and a poor loser. I think one can say of such a person not that he complains of his stomach, but that his stomach really complains of him. Perhaps the two can be helped to live together on better terms.

I have dealt with the problem of ulcer simply as an example, because some of the best work in psychosomatic medicine has been done in this field. Actually, a psychosomatic approach can be legitimately and profitably applied to any illness, even a so-called "organic" one. It carries with it no exclusive imputation of "psychogenesis." It has been so applied to asthma, to allergic reactions, to arterial hypertension, to coronary thrombosis, to diabetes, to the eczemas, to endocrine disturbances, to rheumatoid arthritis, to tuberculosis and to many other illnesses. Even the occurrence of fractures and the tendency to suffer "accidents" was shown by Dunbar to be greatly influenced by inner psychological determinants. In none of these disorders does this new

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point of view pretend to solve single-handed the problem of etiology. It concerns itself, moreover, as much with the effects of bodily states such as organic illnesses and deformities on the mental and emotional life as it does with the reverse. Since the war psychosomatic medicine has had much to do with the problems of adjustment presented by amputees, including the puzzling ones associated with "phantom limb." Indeed, the war (and its effects on service men and their families) has brought abundantly to our minds the fact that deeply repressed and unconscious conflicts — especially those centering around fear and hatred — are responsible for much mental as well as physical suffering.

Resistance to this idea has rapidly receded both among the sufferers themselves and among the younger generation of physicians. Even the old guard has had to give way before the avalanche of facts. New knowledge brings new problems. Psychosomatic medicine is not, however, a new specialty — but rather an old point of view revivified and enriched by new knowledge. As a springboard for research it will increase our understanding, and this in turn will enhance our skill in diagnosis and treatment. We are faced with the pressing need for postgraduate medical education in psychiatry, and perhaps for a revision of our undergraduate curricula. To the solution of these problems the leaders of medical education must now address themselves.

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Anarchists at Home

Stewart Holbrook

ONE OF the great glories of the Puget Sound country is the serene tide-washed community of Home. This community is fading now with a graceful nostalgic air, but it still retains many of the spiritual vestiges of what was once America's sole anarchist colony — in its heyday one of the most celebrated or notorious spots in the United States. Home is never mentioned by the booster organizations, and even the evangelical churches have given it up as a Sodom fit only for the fires of The Pit.

The place lies on the pretty shores of Joe's Bay, an arm of the Sound, and is approximately twenty-five hundred and thirty miles (as few if any crows have flown it) west of Roxbury, Massachusetts, site of Brook Farm, the short-lived and tremendously unsuccessful attempt of Yankees to found a colony in the manner laid down by M. Fourier. There is almost no intellectual connection between the two communities, and although I know of Brook Farm only by the vast literature that has been coming out about it for a hundred years past, I have spent considerable time at Home, right in the bosom of anarchist families, and I should prefer to have lived there than at Brook Farm. I also think it long past time that Home Colony was called to the attention of American intellectuals.

I doubt that the Brook Farmers had a great deal of enjoyment. There was constant bickering over the division of tasks, there was much worry over getting the substantial contributions of cash

© STEWART HOLBROOK'S first book in three years, *Lost Men of American History*, is to appear soon. It will deal with forgotten but genuinely important figures of the American scene. Mr. Holbrook is also the author of *Burning an Empire*, *America's Great Forest Fires*, and is a frequent contributor to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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needed to support the fancy play-farmers, and the nearest thing to excitement was when old Bronson Alcott heaved in for a free meal and delivered himself of a few Orphic Sayings. It was all very daring, and quite dull. Read the Brook Farmers' own accounts, if you doubt me.

Life at Home Colony was assuredly never dull. Never. Home accepted no contributions or advice from anybody. It did not labor under the many inhibitions that plagued the Brook Farmers. In fact, Home had no inhibitions whatever, and several times it made headlines that would have shocked and stunned the pale maidens of both sexes who inhabited Brook Farm. To the good people of Tacoma and Seattle who remember it, Home was and largely is a place of smoking bombs of the Johann Most variety, and of unspeakable orgies unequalled since the times of Messalina. Yet for half a century it has successfully fended attacks by incendiary and murderous mobs, by the courts, by private detectives, Secret Service agents, and United States marshals. Jay Fox, so far as I know the sole surviving anarchist in the United States, who has lived at Home for forty years, says it has been a sort of Wild West Brook Farm, with overtones of Oneida Community and Nauvoo.

Home grew out of the failure of a socialist community called Glennis, in 1896. Fed up with the internal battles which seem to bedevil all socialist communities and also with the lazy parasites who always attach themselves to "co-operative commonwealths" three disillusioned members of Glennis, situated near Tacoma, built a boat with their own hands and struck out to cruise Puget Sound, seeking a likely spot to pitch an out-and-out anarchist paradise. These founding fathers were George Allen, University of Toronto, class of '85, O. A. Verity and F. F. Odell. They soon found a primeval spot that looked pretty good — and still does. Towering Douglas fir grew down to the beach. Ducks swarmed in the bay. Clams held conventions there. Bees worked on the fireweed. No man lived here, or for miles. There were no roads. Twenty-six acres could be had from a bloated capitalist for $2.50 an acre.

The three men mustered a total of five dollars to make a down

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payment. Then Allen went to teaching school, while the others worked at anything handy to earn money for the move. In the spring of 1897 the Allen, Verity and Odell families, wives and children, voyaged to Joe's Bay and began pioneering. They tore into the gigantic trees with ax and saw, and quickly made cabins in which to live until they could build frame houses. They also formed The Compact, which was called the Mutual Home Colony Association.

There was nothing of socialism in this group. The Association was as near pure anarchism as the laws of the land would permit, and its sole reason for being was "to obtain land and to promote better social and moral conditions." It did not even attempt to define anarchism, although Founders Allen, Verity and Odell considered anarchism — no matter what Bakunin or Kropotkin or Josiah Warren said — as a society so imbued with decency and honesty that no laws were required to regulate its members.

Each member paid into the Association a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she was to occupy, not more than two acres to a member. The land remained the property of the Association, but the member could occupy it indefinitely simply by paying such taxes as were imposed by the Enemy, which in this case was the State of Washington in the style and form of Kitsap County. Any improvements, such as barns and houses, were personal property and could be sold or mortgaged.

Like the thoroughgoing fanatics they were, the Home colonists, as soon as they got shelter over their heads, started a paper, the *New Era*, which from the start intimated that the Association had no interest whatever in the personal lives of its members. "The love principle of our being," said an early hand-set editorial, "is a natural one, and to deny it expression is to deny nature." This was clear enough, and the implied sanction of casual relationships between men and women was in time to bring an assortment of cranks, malcontents and plain Don Juans. But the early settlers were too busy with recalcitrant stumps to worry very much about the love principle in their being, for if there is anything to hold old Adam in bounds it is the science and art of removing stumps of *Pseudotsuga taxifolia*. Before their

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homes were finished, the busy colonists had whacked up Liberty Hall, a sort of meeting place and school, where Founder Allen was the first teacher.

Within six months half a dozen new families had been added to the original three, and along came Charles Govan, a wandering printer, who proposed a new paper which should take the colony's message to the far corners of the earth where mankind still lived either in savagery or, worse, under imposition of State and Capital. Govan also induced James F. Morton to leave the staff of *Free Society*, a noted anarchist sheet of San Francisco, and come to Home. Morton, Harvard, 1892, and Phi Beta Kappa, was later to become a noted Single Taxer, but he was pure anarchist when he arrived at Home, and there he and Govan brought out the new paper under a masthead that was sheer genius: *Discontent, Mother of Progress.*

This paper was presently to be notorious from one end of the country to the other, but its early issues were read mostly by other radical editors and by persons who were predisposed to what *Discontent* said was anarchism anyway. There appears, from a close reading of the yellowing files, to have been more about sex in *Discontent* than about economics. A leading article dealt with "The Rights of Woman in Sexual Relations" which, it appeared, were many and interesting. Another piece asked "Is 'Sin' Forgivable?" It seemed that it was. The early issues also looked at Home with a realistic eye, stating that hard work was necessary to clear the thickly timbered land, and warning intending settlers to make inquiries before coming, lest they be disappointed. There was no balm in the anarchist Gilead, simply hard work and FREEDOM (to use their quaint typography). *Discontent* went on to say there was nothing of socialist co-operation about Home. Everything was on a purely voluntary basis. These ex-socialists were determined they should be free of the easy-riders who had hamstrung and wrecked Glennis and nearly all other co-operative communities.

It wasn't long before *Discontent*, handset and hand-printed among the stumps that were still smoking, began to attract attention. Emma Goldman went to Home to lecture in Liberty

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Hall in June of 1899. New families arrived from San Francisco, from Virginia, from Michigan. A tract of sixty-four acres adjoining the original colony was made available at reasonable rates. A Tacoma boat line put Joe's Bay on its list of ports of call. The colonists, proud as sin, built a floating wharf and a neat shelter.

From Portland, Oregon, where they had got into trouble editing the *Firebrand*, which the courts held to be "obscene and otherwise unmailable," came Henry Addis and Abner J. Pope. A venerable man, bearded like a prophet of old, Pope called himself a Quaker-Spiritualist-Anarchist, which was quite an order but which he took easily in stride. He was soon lecturing in Liberty Hall. Addis contributed to *Discontent* a series of articles in which he came out flat-footedly for Free Love, with uppercase letters. Although the Addis articles were a bit later to get the colony into a dreadful stew, the period of 1897–1900 was on the whole active and peaceful, a very idyll of community pioneering in the backwoods. The population rose to one hundred. Deer flitted in and out of the clearings. Roosters greeted the dawn from the interminable stumps. Communist bees gathered honey for the anarchists. The hens laid famously.

Founder Allen came to have thirty pupils in his school, and he sat them down on a windfelled fir and taught them that natural laws were the only laws worth minding. He gave them Mill, Huxley, Darwin, Josiah Warren and those parts of Henry Thoreau dealing with the necessity for civil disobedience. Four who attended Allen's school have said that truancy was never known.

Presently there began a second trek of new settlers, several coming from foreign parts. Among them was Lewis Haiman, a Jewish barber from Lithuania, who married an American gentile, took two acres at Home and built a house. He also opened a shop which, he said in an announcement, he hoped would keep Homeites from looking like the cartoon conceptions of anarchists. Dances, masquerades and picnics were a part of the social life. Lectures were its meat and drink. Liberty Hall was open to all who had something to say, or only thought they did — the

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subject mattering not. Reconverted socialists arrived from the defunct Ruskin Colony in Tennessee, and from the Cooperative Brotherhood Colony at Burley, Washington. The Home Colony Library was organized. *Discontent*'s announcement columns began to fill up with notices of periodicals named *Freedom* (London), *Free Society* (San Francisco), and the *Boston Investigator*, founded by the celebrated Abner Kneeland, whose trial Henry S. Commager has considered in an interesting historical monograph.

II

The first shadow to fall on the industrious and intellectual pioneering colony of Home was an occurrence in far-away Buffalo, New York, where on September 6, 1901, President William McKinley fell under a bullet fired by a witless youth, Leon Czolgosz, who said he was an anarchist. A wave of hysteria swept the nation. Socialist speakers and halls were set upon by mobs. Any soapboxer on the curb was labeled "anarchist" and was either mobbed or arrested. And then, somebody in Tacoma, Washington, recalled that only twenty miles away was a whole pack of wild men and women, a veritable nest of vipers, who had never denied being anarchists.

McKinley died on September 14. On that day an anti-anarchist meeting was held in Tacoma, and a Loyal League formed by members of the Grand Army of the Republic. They chartered a steamboat, collected firearms and incendiary materials and prepared, three hundred strong, to invade Home and put it to the torch, with murder as a possible incidental.

Not everybody in Tacoma lost his head. Ed Lorenz, skipper of a steamboat which called at Home, knew the colonists there to be sober and industrious people. He went to the mob's leaders and said so eloquently. So did the Rev. J. F. Doescher, pastor of the German Evangelical Church in Tacoma, who had visited Home and had found the people, in spite of their agnosticism, which he deplored, to be honest and kindly folk. These two heroic men stopped what might well have been a forerunner of the melancholy tragedies perpetrated in later years in nearby Everett and Centralia.

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Thus was Home saved surely from the torch. But its troubles were just beginning. Someone had sent copies of *Discontent* to Federal authorities and demanded it be barred from the mails. Post office experts in *belles-lettres* looked over the Home paper and were horrified to discover that it had come out wholehog against marriage, terming it "the lowest form of prostitution" and adding, for good measure, that "free mating in cities of the United States is on the increase and the ecclesiastics cannot seem to halt it." There was even a trace of gloating in the article, which was one of those contributed by Henry Addis, who was not even a member of the Home Colony.

So, packing a gun on each hip and wondering what size of bombs he should have to dodge, a United States marshal went over to Home to arrest *Discontent*'s editors and contributors. Hearing that the Law was on the way, the colonists met him at the Home wharf with a delegation of welcome, including pretty little flower girls, took him to one of the homes for an excellent anarchist supper, then made him the guest of honor at a whopping big dance in Liberty Hall. The astonished officer put away his guns and thoroughly enjoyed himself, remaining overnight. In the morning he returned to Tacoma with his prisoners, and reported that he had never met more agreeable people than in Home, or had a better time.

The *Discontent* staff stood trial and were freed by an understanding judge, who ordered the jury to sign a directed verdict of acquittal. It was a clear victory for Home Colony, but a year later it lost its post office, by order from Washington, and Home folks have since, and to this day, had to get their mail at Lakebay, two miles distant. Another blow quickly followed the loss of the post office: *Discontent*, which Federal authorities held to have been the mother of altogether too much progress, was forbidden the mails.

The rumpus had another and more cheerful result. It called national attention to Home, putting it briefly if luridly on the front pages of big-city newspapers, and Home went into a boom. Henry Dadisman, well-to-do farmer, arrived and bought 200 acres next to the Association land, which he threw open to

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settlers at cost. A Minnesota widow came, built a fine farmhouse, and settled down. Families came from Indiana, and during the 1902–1907 period, more Russian Jews arrived to take up colony or Dadisman land. A new Liberty Hall, much larger than the first, was built; and a co-op store, still flourishing, was opened.

When *Discontent* was barred from the mails, Editor Morton merely changed the masthead to read the *Demonstrator*, and kept the editorial policy intact. In the light of Home's new notoriety there started a flow and ebb of eccentrics that has made the place one of the most entertaining spots on all Puget Sound. This period at Home, indeed, deserves the serious attention of some scholar who is interested in the manner in which old and new radical theories permeated the utmost reaches of the United States at the beginning of this century. Here was a tiny community, set in the deep woods in the northwestern corner of the Republic, as remote from the intellectual centers as possible, and reached by an awkward boat trip, or by mere mud trails. Yet Home's Liberty Hall shook and shimmered with virtually every intellectual breeze one could name, while the colonists listened to and often argued with a continuous congress of cranks and prophets.

III

From Chicago to Home came somewhat moth-eaten agents for Koreshanity, the otherwise forgotten philosophy-religion founded in 1886 by Dr. Cyrus R. Teed, to reveal the True Faith to Homeites and incidentally, as part of their belief, to prove that the earth is a hollow ball and that we live on its inside, the quickest way to China being straight up into what we call the atmosphere.

Then came Professor Thompson, no first name, perhaps the mogul of all individualists, who walked down the Home gangplank one afternoon displaying a magnificent beard but the dress and other garments of a woman. Professor Thompson was male enough; brawny and tough, he immediately went to work chopping wood. That night he gave a rousing lecture on the need, if the world were to make any progress, for all to wear women's

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clothing. It was more aesthetic and comfortable, he maintained.

From California came the then celebrated Lois Waisbrooker, author of a strange book entitled *My Century Plant*, a work that revealed how to free the world from "the disease of Sex." She liked Home, took an acre, and settled down in company with Mattie D. Penhallow, a noted radical of the day, to get out a very odd sheet called *Clothed With the Sun*. I regret much that I have failed to find a copy of this periodical. Oldtimers of Home inform me it was a humdinger, even for anarchists, and reported all of the facts of life in no mealy-mouthed manner. It didn't last long. The post office department took one look at it, and presently a whole delegation of United States marshals swarmed into the colony like locusts and carted off the two maidens, one of whom was indicted, convicted and fined. It was one more case of "unmailable matter."

The place was now rolling high. Home and its odd residents and visitors were good for a story in almost any newspaper and periodical in the country. College professors came to see and write learned pieces. The *Independent*, a national magazine of wide circulation, sent a man to Home, who reported favorably on the place and remarked it was the most sensibly managed of any community attempt he knew. It had one hundred and seventy adult members. Work was exchanged at the rate of fifteen cents an hour, although no cash changed hands. The co-op store was doing well. So were the Home logging operators.

After her conviction in the *Clothed With the Sun* affair, Miss Waisbrooker returned to Home and promptly started getting out another sheet, this time called *Foundation Principles*. I haven't been able to get the faintest idea what it was about, but Jay Fox, who can be ribald at times, told me he thought it was "the same old subject, Adam and Eve."

Elbert Hubbard, no slouch himself as a community man, made the trip to Home from East Aurora, New York, to stay several days and to lecture nightly in Liberty Hall. Colonists found him heart and soul in sympathy with the colony, and later he spoke good words for it in a characteristically graceful and inaccurate piece in the *Philistine*. Emma Goldman, famous now

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since McKinley's death, came to Home a second time. Moses Harmon, the oldtime crusader for almost any unpopular cause, and editor of *Lucifer*, which advocated the use of contraceptives, came to recuperate at Home from his several incarcerations in the prisons of Illinois and Kansas.

Meanwhile, children had been born in Home of legally married couples, and their very given names reflect the faith of their radical parents. Listen to the roll: Albert Parsons Grosse, William Morris Grosse, William Morris Snellenberg, Emma Goldman Falkoff, and Eugene Debs August. There was also Radium LaVene, who has told me that the Homeites, like many others, were much taken with the news of the discovery of radium and felt it would be a good name. Radium LaVene's brother was first named Revolt LaVene, but a bit later became Francisco Ferrer LaVene, honoring the Italian school-reform martyr. These boys and girls, now grown, recall a welcome visitor to Home in Dr. Ben Reitman, who used to gather them around a fire on the beach to tell them ghost stories, then to show how the seemingly supernatural always had a rational solution. Harry Kemp came too, to get material for his *Tramping on Life* and his poems. Big Bill Haywood, fresh from his acquittal in the Steuenberg murder case, came to Home to spend several weeks, and of course to speak in Liberty Hall.

What a yeasting it was, the boiling and bubbling at Home! Spiritualists came, and one remained to set up in business. A school in Esperanto was opened. Exponents of various food fads came and went, among them one Dr. Hazzard, an eloquent female who spoke to such effect that John Buchi, Swiss butcher at Home, wished "a Got damn on all der wegitarians." Local enthusiasts started a class in Hatha-Yoga, another in straight theosophy. Russellites came to report the imminent end of things, which was all right with the anarchists. Pantheists, Freethinkers of all shades, Monists, Mormon missionaries — they all came, and Home gave them all a hearing. One Homeite, Laura Wood, set up housekeeping in an Indian wigwam; another, Joe Kapella, went to live in a tree for several months. It all must have been quite wonderful. Brook Farm had nothing like it.

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IV

The great activity at Home Colony did not go unnoticed around the Sound, and stories of horrible sex orgies became current and popular with orthodox Washingtonians. Much of the talk stemmed from articles in the uninhibited *Demonstrator*, as untrammeled as a yearling Durham bull put to pasture in May. It seldom appeared without a few remarks on something very similar to free love. The colony itself never held any canons regarding the desirability or undesirability of free love. That there were domestic arrangements in certain homes of Home which had not received the benefit of either church or state was of common knowledge, but they were neither sanctioned or condemned.

Meanwhile the Philistines were gathering their forces. Their next attack occurred in 1910, and is still referred to as The Great Nude Bathing Case. The colony had by then split into two factions over the subject of land-holding. This was settled, amicably on the whole, and each member was given a deed to his two acres. The Association was dissolved, although Liberty Hall and the co-op store were continued as community enterprises. The store, indeed, may have been a factor in attracting to the colony a number of farmers who liked the low prices at the Home co-op but had no sympathy for Home's live-and-let-live policy. In any case, it was from these late-comers that a complaint came to the county authorities, naming names and charging that certain Home anarchists were bathing in the nude, men and women together.

The charges were true enough. The simple Russians who had come to Home many years before brought their samovars with them, and also their custom of nude bathing. It had been going on at Home for a decade, without scandal. But now, because of the Philistines, one man and four women were arrested and found guilty on charges of indecent exposure. The trials made front page news in almost all sections of the country. Home was again in the papers.

At this time Home had a new paper, the *Agitator*, edited by

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the aforementioned Jay Fox, a radical who dated back to the Haymarket Bomb in Chicago. Fox had long been an agitator and organizer of left-wing labor groups. He still carried in one shoulder a bullet that had been fired in the McCormick Harvester strike in Chicago in 1886, and he had been active in the I.W.W. and in the rambunctious shingle-weavers' union in the Northwest woods. He was also an able journalist, and now he came out with a sizzling editorial, "The Nudes and the Prudes," in which he more than suggested that all lovers of liberty should ostracize the persons who had brought the charges of indecent exposure. Editor Fox was hauled off to jail and charged with "encouraging or advocating disrespect for law." The prosecution naturally brought "anarchy" into the case and played up Home's reputation in a successful effort to convict Fox, who was sentenced to two months in Pierce County Jail. On appeal, the state supreme court upheld the verdict.

Now the wobblies, the I.W.W., and other radical groups the country over took up the case and made it into a national *cause célèbre* in all liberal circles. The Free Speech League, forerunner of the Civil Liberties Union and headed by such well known persons as Leonard Abbott, Brand Whitlock and Lincoln Steffens, joined the battle. Dances and rallies for the "Jay Fox Free Speech Fight" were held from Boston to Portland, Oregon, and money raised for an appeal to the United States Supreme Court, which found the verdict proper. Fox gave himself up and went to jail for six weeks. Then he was given an unconditional pardon by Governor Lister of Washington. He returned to Home and resumed publishing the *Agitator*.

Next came the McNamara case. One night in October of 1910, the building of the *Los Angeles Times* was wrecked by an explosion that took twenty-one lives and was followed by the sensational confessions of the two McNamara brothers. Also implicated was one David Caplan, and a vast manhunt was set in motion to find him. Presently at Home there appeared a tall, suave and handsome book agent who was peddling one of those sets of home encyclopedias (170,000 pages, beautifully illustrated, fine bindings) without which no home, not even an anarchist's

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home, could be said to be complete. The tall agent circulated around Home for several days. Mrs. Lewis Haiman recalls that when she went to the door, and kept the man safely on the outside, he appeared to be far more interested in peering over her shoulder to see who was inside, than in selling his array of the world's knowledge. He was, of course, the famous William J. Burns, the detective, looking for the missing Caplan. Fugitive Caplan was taken later, though not at Home, and given ten years. In Burns's memoirs, published not long before his death in 1932, the detective devotes several pages to his days as a book agent in Home.

During World War I, Home was infested by marshals and secret agents of the United States government, some with false whiskers; some plain; but all of Home's citizens managed to keep out of their clutches. In the more recent war, so quiet had Home been for two decades, it was never under suspicion.

Today Home is, as it must always have been, a charming place in which to live. The last of the Founding Fathers, George Allen, died two years ago, well into his eighties. Dead, too, is Tom Geeves, the patriarch of Home, as whiskered as any legendary Nihilist, who had wandered ashore from a British ship, *circa* 1910, and for no doctrinaire reasons, but simply because he liked the place, had taken abode in an old shack at Home. There he lived to be almost 109 years of age.

The younger generation of Home, for the most part university graduates, have gone away and married. Many are in California where each year a Home picnic, staged by Radium LaVene, now a Los Angeles businessman, draws up to a hundred old Homeites and their children.

Jay Fox, perhaps the last of the veritable anarchists, genial and mellow at seventy-five, lives on in Home and is writing his memoirs, while his wife, Cora, spends her talented spare time hand-painting and glazing chinaware of such beauty that it is sought after by the wives and daughters of Seattle and Tacoma capitalists.

The outlander visiting Home is sure to find it pleasant, both physically and socially. The Home Colony tradition is still strong.

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These are well-read people. When you come across two-acre farmers conversant with Mill and Bentham and Marx and Dewey and Emerson and Thoreau, as well as with poultry feed and bee hives, you know you are in no orthodox rural community. There are Homeites today who teach art and music. There is much professional interest in and practice of crafts, especially of weaving. Bees and hens are the chief sources of agricultural income.

Over all is a feeling, not of revolution, but rather of a lack of interest in political movements. It would not be fair, however, to include Jay Fox in this placidity. The fires of Revolution still burn in the old anarchist, perhaps the last of his kind, and he is happy when William Z. Foster, more in direct touch with the world, comes to visit him, as he does occasionally, and tells him how goes the battle with the minions of Capital.

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Science and American Power

Max Lerner

THE big paradox about science in America is that with all its vaunted use it is not given full sway; that while it is worshipped it is also feared; that while its strength is linked with the atmosphere of freedom in which it has developed, it has not released the social imagination nor fortified the social will; that the finest flowering of scientific genius in the realm of technology somehow manages to exist side by side with primitive and animistic taboos in the realm of social thought and action.

We live today in the shadow of a scientific triumph whose immensity will give its name to an entire world epoch to come — the release of atomic energy. The discovery was the result of world knowledge, levying upon contributions from scientists of many nations. But it was America that took over the knowledge, organized it, fitted it together, underwrote the engineering work required, and got out in front with every indication that it means to stay in front. How have the Americans achieved this position? Why should it have been exactly they who were destined to wield to the fullest the power of science and wear most jauntily the greenest bays of its glory?

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For the beginning of an answer we must look to the growth of American civilization. America was born at the beginning of the great age of science. When we think of the major inventions of the modern world we think naturally of the 19th and 20th centuries, and the full flowering of technology. But back of this flowering were the long centuries when the seed grew in the earth. The *saeculum mirabile* of European science was, by the common suffrage of its historians, the seventeenth. The same expansive forces that produced the scientific discoveries of that century produced the American settlements as well. Europe was pent-up. It reached out intellectually, as it reached out physically, for new frontiers. In England the history of the Royal Society paralleled that of the plantation companies, and men were tinkering with test-tubes in laboratories throughout the 17th and 18th centuries while other men were fighting out the battles of dogma and religious freedom, mercantilism and economic freedom. When we remember that the whole atmosphere surrounding the settlement and peopling of America was an atmosphere of scientific beginnings, it becomes more congruous to think of America itself as an experiment on the vast laboratory of a continent. Except in a climate of innovation America would have been impossible, and in the innovating social climate of America, inventions were bound to flourish.

They did not, of course, until the primary needs of physical and political survival had been met. Until after the Revolutionary War, Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Rush were the only American scientists of account. Science, the heir of centuries of intellectual development, could not flourish in a wilderness. It needed universities, laboratories, leisure. Nor could the Americans move into the realm of scientific experiment with all their lusty strength until they first had a sense of that strength: which did not come until the Revolution had been fought and the Constitution consolidated. But once launched on its career American science had everything in its favor for a rapid sweep across the world horizons.

For one thing, it was close enough to the European intellectual heritage to be able to tap its accumulated knowledge; yet it had

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also the freedom of distance — the extra margin of freedom from the accustomed grooves of thinking which often hemmed a European scientist in. One of the clearest examples of this double-truth may be found in Benjamin Franklin's career as a scientist. (Cf. I. Bernard Cohen's introduction to his edition of *Benjamin Franklin's Experiments and Observations on Electricity*, Harvard, 1941.)

Franklin is one of the great names in electricity, with his "single fluid theory" of electricity, his coining of new terms for the science, his theory of the Leyden jar, and his conclusions about the relation of lightning and electricity. He started his puttering about with the theory of electricity when an English friend sent him some rudimentary equipment with a few hints on how to use it. Without the European scientific tradition he would have been helpless: but from that point on, being far from Europe, he was on his own, with a joyous sense of excitement in his discoveries, and working in an atmosphere of intense popular interest. So much was he on his own that often when he wrote his friends in Europe about his experiments, he didn't know whether what he had discovered was old or new. Nor did he know whether terms already existed for what he observed, or whether his own newly-coined terms were the first. With the growth of his fame as a scientist, his European friends sent him the literature containing the orthodox vocabulary and the traditional ideas on electricity. As Cohen observes in his introduction, "As he learned from books, rather than his own investigations, he ceased to have a free unfettered mind. As he became more and more familiar with the literature of electricity, he made fewer and fewer discoveries until finally he made no more."

Franklin's career had some other things in it that Cohen recounts and that are symbolic of the career of American science. He was the subject of a grotesque incident in England: his lightning-rod was discussed in the Royal Society, which when asked to protect a powder magazine from the effects of lightning, recommended the Franklin lightning-rod, with pointed conductors below the surface of moist earth. An English member of the committee, Benjamin Wilson, dissented on the matter of "points"

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and insisted on blunt conductors or "knobs" instead. He continued to attack Franklin and split the Society on the matter, without success — until the Revolutionary War. Here George III intervened, ordered "blunt" conductors for the royal palace, and when the President of the Royal Society refused to reverse the committee's recommendation on the Franklin rod, the King forced his resignation.

One may take this delightful story as a symbol of the European institutional hindrances from which American science was free. It could pursue the laws of Nature without troubling about the laws of monarchies; it could work in an atmosphere in which (except for the period of the New England theocracy) it did not have to cope with a codified body of religious taboos nor with a church rooted in state power; it did not have to reckon with either priestly or aristocratic castes. It was free to open and develop the resources of a Continent.

But these were negative freedoms. The positive strengths that American science had lay in the fact that the resources of the Continent were there to develop, and that the whole impulse of America was to do exactly that. In that impulse were tied together the main threads of the American mind — its Puritan emphasis on work and works, its drive to capitalist exploitation, its sense of newness and curiosity, its confidence in itself, its feeling of illimitable horizons and a staggering destiny. Even the economic ruling class, which emerged in the Industrial Revolution after Franklin's death, was anything but hostile to the science which underlay the technological changes that had created it. In Europe the class of economic rulers had to give primacy and prestige to the political rulers and the social aristocracy; in America its sway was undisputed. Its great hope lay exactly in science. For only science could conquer the needed domain for these rulers, strip the forests, open the land, build the railroads, pick the cotton, thresh the wheat, harness the energy. The rich prize of the Continent lay open and inviting; the best skilled labor and technical brains had been drawn to it; the floodgates were down.

But let me state clearly in what sense America has excelled in science. Not so much in "pure" science or scientific theory. It

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was partly that America came too late to take part in the greatest scientific discoveries: mathematics came to birth in Egypt and Babylonia, geometry in Greece, astronomy in the Renaissance; chemistry rose to importance in the 18th century. America has developed no Pythagoras, no Aristotle, no Euclid or Archimedes, no Copernicus or Galileo, no Newton, no Lavoisier, no Darwin or Mendel, no Planck or Mach or Einstein. There was still room for American pure scientists of the stature of Willard Gibbs or Simon Newcomb; and in the present generation so much of the talent of European science that was not killed off by fascism has sought refuge in America, and so much research money has been made available for "pure" research by the corporations and the armed services who have had proof in the past that pure science pays off in the end, that from now on the American record in scientific theory may come to occupy the place that Greece, England and Germany have had in the past.

But up to now the great American achievement has been less in theory than in its application, less in the discovery of laws than in the fashioning of "inventions," less in "science" itself than in technology and engineering. To be sure, Americans have taken their share of the burden of lonely scientific thinking; they have assumed more than their share of the organization of scientific research; their laboratories are the greatest and best equipped in the world, and the experimental scientific habit of thought has entered the American consciousness as deeply as the consciousness of any people in history. But where America has gone farthest ahead has been in applied science. Wherever in the world and whenever in history men have made strides in the understanding of how nature works, it is almost invariably the Americans who have carried farthest the application of that understanding.

One of the flaming symbols of this fact is the atom bomb. Atomic theory was hot on the trail of nuclear fission in every great country in the world, but it remained for the Americans to carry to completion the task of releasing the atom's explosive and destructive force. To the theory itself scientists from every great country in the world contributed, including the enemy countries

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of Germany and Austria and Italy. The achievement of the Americans was an engineering achievement; the division of the necessary research into thousands of parts and its distribution among all the research centers of the country; the fitting of the findings together into an intricate pattern; the construction of plants, machinery, machine-tools; the combination of wealth and economic power with inexhaustible research and precision.

The Russians may someday be capable of similar feats, perhaps even of greater. But for the present the Americans rule the field in the application of science to technology. Again we must ask: why?

The Greek civilization made greater individual contributions to scientific theory than the American has. It moved from myth to science. But somehow the Greeks never crossed the threshold from science to technology. Centuries before the Christian era, three men of Miletus on the coast of Asia Minor — Thales, Anaximander and Anaximenes — pierced to the beginnings of science; in Sicily three others — Pythagoras, Parmenides and Empedocles — laid the foundations for theories on which men have been building for centuries; in the little town of Abdera in Thrace, two men — Leucippus and Democritus — first evolved the atomic theory of the constitution of matter. At the height of Greek achievement, a Macedonian called Aristotle synthesized everything that the Greeks knew of nature and its workings in systems more staggeringly comprehensive than any man before or after him was capable of. Yet Greek science stopped with these world-views. It did not run machines, relieve labor of its burdens, pile up wealth and power. Why?

The effort to account for the failure of Greek technology may in turn shed light on my query about the success of American technology. Democritus, who first formulated the atomic theory, will no doubt remain a greater name in the history of science than Oppenheimer, who supervised the scientific work on nuclear fission and the atom bomb. But Oppenheimer lives in a social atmosphere wholly different from that of Democritus, or even of Aristotle centuries later.

As Max Beer, J. L. Hammond and Benjamin Farrington have

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pointed out, what kept the Greeks from using their science was their institution of slavery at the base of their social system. The thinking was done by free men and citizens; the work was done by slaves. Where there is a contempt for labor there is a separation from the sources of experience with nature, an incapacity for induction and verification, a blindness as to the practical imperatives that shape innovation. The American scientist, no matter how rich or famous, has never cut himself off thus from these sources of experience. While he has been less a creator of world-views than the Greek scientist or even the modern European, he has been persistently the discoverer of new ways of getting old and new things done. Greek science developed greatly in the context of Greek political and moral individualism, but in the context of slavery and the aristocratic attitude toward work it could go no further than science, and was truncated before it could reach technology. American technology developed also in the context of individualism, but there were no taboos of the ruling class to truncate it.

If the South had triumphed in the Civil War and had gone on to spread over the whole American civilization the social implications of the "peculiar institution," the same fate might have befallen American science as befell Greek. The Civil War was thus more than a moral or a constitutional struggle. Exactly because it was fought over moral and constitutional issues it was also a crisis in technology. Calhoun dreamt of a Greek Republic in the South, and the ruling class in a South-dominated system of slavery might, like the Greek, have lived more graciously than the capitalist class that emerged the victor from the Civil War. It might even have produced a finer flowering of literature and philosophy. But the ruling class that did emerge created a social psychology and an ethos in which, whatever else might be said of it, science was at a premium and technology was cherished.

It was a ruling class which, having triumphed over a rival system of economic organization, went on to the even greater triumphs of the conquest of a Continent and the economic empire of the world. It lavished its gifts on science because science in turn opened a cornucopia of profits. It whipped technology on because,

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with every new discovery, new areas of investment were opened and new heights of productivity were reached. If it be said that in the process of overcoming the Southern system of feudal slavery the capitalist ruling class created a new industrial helotry, in which men are tied not to the land but to the machine, the answer is yes. But where the Greek ruling class used its helots to keep the technological status quo, the American rulers use theirs to increase their profits, and to do that they need always to raise the level of technology and productivity. The level of American technology will cease to rise just as soon as the American economic rulers grow so blind in their pursuit of particular profits and power that they allow the economy as a whole to collapse; and just as soon as the "pathos of distance" between the corporate rulers and the industrial helots becomes too great to be bridged by the dignity of work and the passion for technology.

I turn now to another facet of the inquiry. If we say that American strength is the result of American science and technology, it would be equally true to say the character of American science and technology shed some light on the inner nature of that strength. The question about a civilization is not whether it uses science, but what sciences it uses, and what use it makes of them.

The characteristic Greek sciences were botany, zoology, biology and mathematics, as befitted a people who were interested in the individual and the category and their relations. The characteristic sciences of American technology turned out to be chemistry and physics, electronics and radiation, as befits a people who are interested in energy and speed, communication and power. Thus the American sciences are a key to the crucial traits of the American civilization. They are the sciences of power.

Spengler had at least a half-truth by the tail when he wrote (in his famous chapter on *Faustian and Apollinian Nature-knowledge*): "Force is the mechanical Nature-picture of western man. . . . . The primary ideas of this physics stood firm long before the first physicist was born." While this theory that the science-type in any civilization exists long before the science does is mainly pretty good poetry, it is provocative enough not to be

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ignored. Veblen came perhaps closer to the same problem when he linked the American "technology of physics and chemistry" (a quarter-century ago radiation and electronics had not yet emerged) with the "absentee ownership" by and of corporations. And if you push absentee ownership and corporate power still farther back, you get the "natural rights" of property.

Here I think we reach a significant relationship. The American conceptions of science were hand in hand with the American conceptions of nature: the Declaration of Independence, with its theory of the natural rights of the individual, necessarily was the forerunner of the great inventions of the nineteenth century. The *Federalist Papers* are in themselves a microcosm of the forces in the American mind that were to shape the uses of science: on the one hand, an equilibrium-politics, and on the other hand a deep drive to establish the principle of a central authority with the power to govern. The two may seem inconsistent to the critical student of today, and their inconsistency has been shown in the creaking of the American governmental machine: yet the important fact is that they were both part of the 18th century American mind, and the sense of natural law in the equilibrium principle coexisted with the power-sense in the principle of central authority.

These two — the sense of natural law and the power-sense — have been the formative forces in American science and technology, as they have been in American political science and economics. The "reception" that the Americans gave the principles of John Locke, as Walton Hamilton has analyzed it and Merle Curti has traced it, is another instance of the transforming drive in the American civilization: for the Locke that came out of American thought was very different from the Locke that came into it from the English. It is in the nature of a civilization's "genius" that whatever material it devours it transforms in the image of its own stereotype. When John Locke came out of the American transforming machine his name was Andrew Carnegie or Henry Ford. The Declaration of Independence became the "due process" decisions of the Supreme Court. Tom Paine's flaming pamphlet on natural law became the comfortable doctrines that

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bolstered property-exploitation. The American's conception of Nature became corporate absentee ownership, and its servant and handmaiden was the technology of chemistry and physics.

The congruity between American science and the driving spirit of American political and economic development was the congruity of élan and force. The geography and resources of America invited a physics of force, and the role of Nature in American political thinking reflected it and prepared the ground for it. Out of the sciences of force came American technology and the machine-process; and they in turn cast their spell upon science.

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Ça Existe—A Note on the New Ism

Jacques Barzun

THOUGH the subject may be very tempting, the time has not yet come to write upon Existentialism; it is only possible to write *about* it. The distinction is fairly obvious, though not used often enough: when a new movement acquires the first celebrity of print and common talk, it generally does so because of its fitness for the moment, the aptness of its name and mood, the seeming novelty of its stance. But even its present significance is blurred by incomplete report; chronology is confused, and publicity by its very glare falsifies both light and shade. In any case, enthusiasm for or against chiefly expresses previous feelings suddenly released and drawn up in battle array; at which point one can even notice a reluctance to learn more, lest too much knowledge should limit the use of the new idea in the game of aggression.

This ordinary course of events has certainly accompanied the rise of Existentialism. The word bubbled up out of the depths of the French resistance against foreign occupation; it shared the interest and praise of this patriotic context; it seemed the first *fleur du mal*. After years of almost complete silence from the European country that always exports intellectual excitement, there came at last, with the magic word, some new names, plays, stories and personalities. Tangibly existential leaders came to the United States and gave lectures; explanations were issued in the press and occupied the salons; and the movement was even noticed by the picture weeklies.

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In France itself the same ebullition occurred on an even larger scale, though the premises of the philosophy and its literature had been laid down before the outbreak of war. The doctrine was then one of numberless agitations. Since the war it has become *e pluribus unum*. We read of Parisian lecture halls overflowing with eager audiences, and of the metaphysical play of mind being exhibited to Standing Room Only. From the provinces devotees flock to the new oracles — youth, people and gentry. Sartre, the master, magnetically draws like a new Savonarola, and a new shift in café-pre-eminence sanctifies the result of this philosophical revolution.

Postwar passions and the thirst for a fresh creed, a new language of belief, account at least for the intensity, if not for the success, of the movement. Yet the principles of Existentialism may seem at first sight to render this explanation a paradox. Why speak of faith and feeling about a philosophy which espouses pessimism and atheism and which encourages in its literary creators a sort of intellectual coprophagy? The contradiction is clear, and it cannot be resolved by reference to books alone. There is only one technical work of Existentialist philosophy so far available to American readers — the large and repetitious treatise by J-P. Sartre called *L'Etre et le Néant*. Resistance to usage and convention, coupled with a studied indifference to the dangers of ambiguity and misinterpretation, marks the technical exposition of the new system. Its arguments are patient and elaborate, with a surrealist swerve of the atom at the end, which says *Quand même* — that is to say, at once "Anyhow" and "Nevertheless"!

The fictional works of the group confirm the mood of discontent and contrariness I have sketched. Violence, pointlessness and intelligence are mixed in *Grand Guignol* style, and usually in a political setting. The stories, that is, fairly reflect — without approving — the attitude which informs totalitarian life. But to say this is also to connect this fiction with the pulp melodrama which totalitarianism has made at once a reality and a dull routine. Existentialism professes to be a Humanism — there is an essay by Sartre which equates the two — yet what the movement seems to

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be content with in fiction is not life so much as bare existence. This differentiates it, I think to its disadvantage, from its naturalistic predecessors; for granted the foulness of the world which has stung the new writers, their literature retaliates simply by injecting the vaccine of the disease. It is but one aspect of the movement, and it might very properly be called Resistantialism, in deference to both its origins and its purport. The cosmos, for these resisters, is a grim and meaningless place in which, unfortunately, existence is real and compels action. An act has no antecedent warrant, but is to be judged by its results in a universe of uncoordinated efforts. The truth of our freedom is as we make it: there is no platonic or Christian realm of perfection and justice, no naturalistic hope of progress or amelioration.

The tone of these assertions reminds one of at least two previous postwar epochs in French history, the decade after Waterloo and the two decades after the first battle of Sedan. The earlier period produced the pessimism of the young men depicted in Vigny's superb story "The Malacca Stick." Balzac, Stendhal, Musset, Constant, Sainte Beuve and others gave varied expression to the need for action in a barren world. The *mal du siècle* was not at all a limp melancholy but precisely the feeling of a throbbing energy with clipped wings. Happily the Revolution of 1830 gave at least for a time some possibilities of accomplishment, so that anxiety and despair did not harden into a sterile defense, but served as catalyst to the greatest output of French art and thought since the Renaissance.

Later on, after the disaster of 1870, came the second fit of national exasperation and a return to the cult of pessimistic energy, worthily expressed in the writings of Barrès and less worthily in the misuse of varied creeds and nostrums, from the Ibsenite revolt to the theories of Gobineau, Nietzsche and Wagner. Stendhal first came into his own on this wave of daimonic despair, which incidentally found no resolution through abundant creativeness or social and political change.

Since it is true, as Blake warns us, that unacted desires fester, the repressed energies of periods like these accumulate poison, and by a Mithridatic effort at control, develop in many men the

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taste for poison. Of set purpose the mind returns to horrors, in literature, philosophy or common speech, and persuades itself that what it dreads is truest and most permanent. Hence in the fiction of the Existentialists, the self-administered shocks to lessen shock, just as in his dreams the shell-shocked patient returns to his trauma.

The patient perhaps cannot help it, but there is something naïve in the Existentialist writers' perpetual mixture of sweat with love and of existence with excrement, for the plausibility of the suggestion rests on a purely literary use of concepts which experience disqualifies. If it is true that the leaders of the movement can now afford the choicest black market dinners on the proceeds of their wisdom, it would be easy to refute the validity of their narrative technique by catching them at the table and turning their stomachs with a few verbal "truths" about the attractive dishes before them. Misplaced "reality" would probably make them go home hungry, though their gastric juices, philosophically older and wiser, would in time whisper that there was an imposture behind the felt disgust.

The imposture is in fact the result of a fallacy, and the fallacy is especially surprising because the main tenet of Existentialism is precisely that existence comes before essence. This means that a thing is what it feels like rather than what it is said to be. Consequently, a novelist is playing an unphilosophical game when he uses words denoting the essence of a thing to evoke disgust and then expects us to be thrilled or shocked at its conjunction with, let us say, a scene of tender passion. He forgets the changeability of things and of passions and he falsely mixes the static concept with the flowing experience. The trick is in any case not new; it goes back at least to Byron and Heine; and Napoleon is also credited with some good Existentialist *mots*. It is the predominance of the device over all others in the moderns, beginning with Baudelaire and reaching as far as the tough school of detection, which shows that in their literature so far, the Existentialists are in the main excessively good pupils.

The distinction between Essence and Existence, however, has another meaning, of special importance in the history of French

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thought. For despite Sartre's claim to being subjective in Descartes' manner, his stress on existence as the primary datum of philosophy actually marks a break with the tradition of Descartes and his scholastic predecessors. The novelty is to take "I think, therefore I am" and to reverse the terms, "I am and therefore I (occasionally) think." To put it this way means a good deal more than simply to refute the syllogism by pointing out the question-begging character of the pronoun "I." So long as one refutes syllogisms one respects the supremacy of verbal logic, a supremacy that has seldom been professionally questioned in France. The French have been erroneously called a logical people, not because they could think straighter than others, but because their regard for the superficial coherence of concepts made them seem so: they prized the articulate; and only their Molières and Rabelais knew how to make fun of the solemn academic pastime.

At the beginning of this century, it is true, one philosopher did break the old Cartesian defence. Bergson, using the more flexible concepts of modern science, especially biology and the new mathematics, substituted Life and inner time for essences and definitions as the primary elements of philosophy. And it is noteworthy that he too, when the drift of his speculations became known, was the object of intense interest on the part of many people normally unconcerned with professional thinking. In France, it is clear, anyone who seriously challenges the assumptions on which all higher education has rested for 300 years can have his lectures on philosophy turn into mass meetings. The young, the ambitious and the fashionable will flock to drink in the heresy and to carry to remote parts the great Shakespearean question, which is in fact the title of Sartre's book: To be or not to be. For we must remember that the spirit of resistance in all things is strong in a country culturally centralized and politically split. Somewhere in France today, I should imagine, there is being formed an Inexistent School of Néantistes — old Cartesians — with the motto, *ça n'existe pas* — applying in the first instance to their opponents.

For the rest of the world, the new school of thought, the one

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that does exist and proclaims it, has already a certain historical interest. I am not competent to speak of its debt to or coincidence with the revival of Kierkegaard's works. At first sight, the setting and the goal of the two philosophies seem mutually exclusive. Rather — and this is the historical point — both flowerings seem to express a delayed response to the new philosophies of the nineties. I have spoken of Bergson because he is a link in the sequence of French thinkers. But Bergson was one of many who, about the same time and all over the world, came to similar formulations of the twentieth-century philosophical problem. I have in mind William James, Nietzsche, Samuel Butler, F. H. Bradley, Croce, Vaihinger, together with Dilthey, Bergson and some others in the next generation. The time will come, I believe, when their contributions and their differences will no longer be studied as individual or technical matters, but collectively as a fairly sizable current of thought which we have hardly begun to understand the bearing of. Then we shall discern the true limits of Existentialism.

I can testify that for the three men I have put at the head of the list — James, Butler and Nietzsche — nothing in the way of comparative study has yet been done, though it is obvious to any awakened reader that their philosophies converge. Whether that common ground shall be called Pragmatism (after all the abuse the word has received from the heedless), or Pluralist Empiricism, or some other name, does not matter. It remains a striking fact that the Existentialists of 1945 can come forward with their distinction about Essence and Existence, their emphasis on action and on consequences as a test of value, and their wholly innocent claim of originality, without calling upon themselves any reminder that they had near ancestors, without even a murmur of the words Pragmatic or Nietzschean. The one linkage — with Kierkegaard — is in itself doubtful and like all resuscitations itself requires explanation. From which I conclude that the task of the nascent historian of ideas should be to study, under the stimulus of Existentialism, what our philosophical grandfathers thought and said fifty years ago, at the dawn of a century which reads too little and too late.

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The Future of Race Prejudice

Ruth Benedict

WE ALL know what we mean when we speak of race prejudice. It is a part of the climate of opinion in the Western world, and its complexities and contradictions are as familiar to us as breathing. It begins to seem curious only when we try to be precise about it and to compare the dogma on which it is based with other doctrines which have been prevalent in other centuries. Then we recognize that race prejudice is a new and special bias peculiar to our modern era.

Race prejudice in the Western world is that variety of hostility and invidious discrimination which bases itself on different ancestry. This different ancestry need by no means be racial, and race prejudice has very little to do with what anthropologists know as the races of mankind. Ancestors who spoke a different mother tongue or who belonged to a different religion or who were only of different national origins have over and over been used as reasons for "race" prejudice. To make the matter all the more complicated, the "superiors" in any of these "racial" conflicts may, according to the criteria of the physical anthropologist, be of different races and breeds. According to any possible definition of race, the situation is hopelessly confused.

Nevertheless the criteria which modern race prejudice uses to separate the sheep from the goats are specific, even if they are not necessarily racial. The criteria are a man's ancestry, not in the sense of healthy or quick-witted individual forebears, but an ancestry which includes individuals of a rejected minority group. Because of this ancestry the man is regarded as tainted. In other

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centuries and civilizations men have killed their neighbors because they were not "human beings," or because they had a cult of headhunting, or because they were "defenders of the faith," or because it was right and proper for a strong nation to loot and kill where it could. They have exploited men who have been defeated in conflict or who were serfs or who were followers of a "false" religion. In our modern world, however, race prejudice is based on the idea of an infected ancestry.

The Jews on the continent of Europe, who had for centuries been the victims of the Christians because they followed a "false" religion, have become in Germany in the era of race prejudice any man or woman who could be proved to have one Jewish great-grandmother. It no longer mattered whether they went to the synagogue or even whether they had been reared by parents of the Jewish faith. Christian baptism could no longer free them from the stigma of being Jewish.

So, too, in the early centuries of overseas expansion, the Negro in Africa and the Indian in South America were condemned as pagans. Pagans had no right to equality with Christians and for that reason they could be put to the sword. If they were converted, they acquired, as Christians, the rights of human beings. In the modern world, natives became the black race and the red race. They were "lesser *breeds*" and "the *white man's* burden." Their inferior position became a consequence of their ancestry.

This doctrine of the importance of ancestry had other cultural consequences. It could divide the poor into warring camps. In earlier days when there was an established hierarchy of patricians and plebians, the poor were simply the poor. When discriminations based on ancestry were introduced in urban societies, one group of the poor could become an arrogant mob and could vent its hatred on other poverty-stricken groups which served as its convenient scapegoats.

The dogma of tainted ancestry could triumph even over physical type. An American with one Negro great-great-grandmother, no matter how completely Caucasian his coloring and his bodily measurements, is a "Negro" so long as he does not deny that fact of his genealogy.

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This particular alignment of persecuted and persecutors is as modern as the steam engine and the cotton gin. It has been explicit for less than one hundred years. But a century has proved quite long enough to fix these categories deep in the automatic behavior of modern man. When these categories were introduced in the last century, they filled a desperate need. Men required a new doctrine. Older ways of justifying persecution and discrimination had come to have a hollow sound. With the rise of the middle class, the old hierarchical categories of the knights and the serfs had become blurred. Everybody saw, as the feudal age passed away, that the profits of industry could buy on the market place the perquisites which had distinguished the lord of the manor. Even the peddler could become the moneylender. The old feudal tenet that God had irrevocably fixed each man's class membership proved false in the new economy. The growing secularization of life, too, was making religious persecution more and more of a dead letter. The centuries of the religious wars were gone. A new justification was needed for rating people as inferior, and this was formulated first in 1859 by the Count de Gobineau. It was simple, and was based, the authorities said, on science. The old social disabilities people had suffered as feudal serfs or as unchristianized pagans were justified on a new basis and with new categories. In the struggle for the survival of the fittest, certain "races" had been left behind. History, therefore, had proved them incapable. It was not even desirable to offer them opportunities, for opportunities were wasted on them. If they mingled on equal terms with those of superior ancestry, society would be infected by their incapacity and the progress of the world would be blocked.

When this doctrine was young, people believed it. It seemed to explain a whole array of things which had hitherto been difficult to understand. Now with this new torch of "scientific" truth, they could cooperate with Nature by planning one kind of a world for the "superiors" and another kind for the "inferiors." Such cooperation with Nature did not necessarily mean using violence against those who because of their ancestry had less food, less shelter and less education. Harsh measures might

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possibly be required, but ideally, inferiors should know their place and keep it. Relations between superiors and inferiors might then be quite pleasant and even dignified. In any case, there was no alternative course, for the future of the world depended upon the superior race. The inferiors had nothing to contribute to progress, and the superiors must keep themselves strong to shoulder the work of the world. It was a law like the law of thermodynamics.

If this law had been enunciated during the eras when social and geographical mobility were at a minimum, its respectable career might have lasted as long as that of the centuries-long doctrine of the divine right of kings. This past century, however, has been a period when doctrines of freedom and equal opportunity and public education have been live social issues and have captured public imagination. The Western World, and with it all regions of the earth, have increasingly demanded and secured greater egalitarianism. It seems incredible to us now that, during the first decades after Harvard and Yale were founded, students were listed in the catalogue according to the social position of their parents. The self-made man, the man who rose from the log cabin, the self-respecting individual who is as good as the next man, have usurped in popular imagination the honored place of the heir to an old family name. In such an epoch, the doctrine of equality was bound to come into conflict with the dogma of race prejudice. It did. In the United States, as time went by, fewer and fewer people could be self-righteous about the assumption that it was their bounden duty to deny certain minorities the rights guaranteed them in the Constitution and to treat them in ways condemned by their Christian religion.

The head-on collision between dogmas of democracy and dogmas of race prejudice has been even more serious for the inferiors than for the superiors. The rise of racism left to the discriminated-against no privilege to choose the group with which to cast their lot. And this occurred during the very century when individual freedom and autonomy were gaining ground in Western nations in the political and economic fields. In the centuries when "false" religions were persecuted, the individual could renounce his reli-

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gion and identify himself with the majority group. If he remained loyal to his own faith, he acted to that extent out of voluntary loyalty to his gods. In the feudal period, an educated man of whatever origin could obtain the privileges of the learned class. When the basis of discrimination became genealogical, the man with a tainted ancestry was classified according to his pedigree, which he had had no hand in choosing, and not according to his allegiances, which he could choose. In an era when respect for individual freedom and personal choice has become a rallying cry, the lack of voluntarism which is inherent in the dogma of race prejudice has exacerbated the bitterness of the groups which suffer from this discrimination.

The dogma of race prejudice has been out of line with the attitudes to which modern Western civilization has paid honor, but nowhere has the inconsistency been so glaring as in the United States. Race prejudice is an anomaly in the country which stands for individualism, for democracy and for personal freedom to make one's own way on one's own. The shrillness of the racists in America is quite in keeping with this inconsistency. They do not speak with the calm voice of authority. They do not act under the aegis of the State. The dogma of race prejudice has none of the standing which the doctrine of the divine right of kings had in Europe for many centuries. It is on the defensive. Just as the terrible slaughter of heretics like the Albigenses, toward the close of the feudal period, prevented neither further religious schisms nor the rise of the bourgeoisie, so, too, persecution based on minority ancestry is most unlikely to stop the modern tendency toward greater egalitarianism. This tendency is implemented by all insistence on democratic processes, by the demand for equality before the law, by all repudiation of caste hierarchies and by Christian teachings. We should not recognize our civilization if these trends were reversed. Science also is a word to swear by in our culture, and that too is ranged against racism. It has shown its hollowness by investigations and analyses which only the fanatic and the ignorant can overlook.

The eclipse of the racist dogma, however, even when it ceases to have the vogue it has had during the last century, will not nec-

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essarily mean that no new dogma of "divide and conquer" will not arise. Racism is the modern mould into which the Western World has run age-old human impulses of arrogance and fear. Human enmity was old when race prejudice was invented. Even though, in future generations, the racist mould should melt into thin air, hostile and discriminatory behavior could still be rampant. Another dogma would doubtless be invented to rationalize it, and what that would be is as difficult to predict today as our modern race prejudice would have been to those who lived in the era of the religious wars.

The great bedrock for the perpetuation of prejudice and discrimination in some form, not necessarily race prejudice, is that, because of the way our modern civilizations work, so many individuals fear the strength of other persons and of other groups. The sanctioned attitude is that personal success is something one wins at the expense of others. Therefore it is best not to let others be strong. We phrase success as winning, as coming out on top, as making a killing. We want to maintain our own prestige against an opponent. Actually, of course, except for cases of successful theft and blackmail, one man's work contributes to the common stock of goods whether he makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, or increases the national income by establishing a great automobile factory, or becomes a great doctor or a great scientist. If he works to increase wages through trade union organization, he is insuring greater buying capacity and therefore a larger market for the products of industry. But in the United States victories in all these fields are felt to be won at the expense of others. Other groups are our competitors or our enemies, and we naturally do not want them strong.

We have just had a mass demonstration during the war of what a difference it makes when there is mutual advantage in utilizing the strength of others. During any war, not only is the nation as a whole behind the war effort, but the nations who are our allies for the moment are no longer our competitors. When production had to be stepped up to win the war, some 1,500,000 Negroes, it is estimated, were employed in the war industries alone. We could do it. Men in the armed services, too, were reassured by seeing in

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motion pictures the fighting strength of the Russians, who were our allies in a war where we needed the strength of others.

Now that the war is ended, the potential strength of other people and of other nations is once again a cause of anxiety. They have become our competitors once more. We cannot use against prejudice, as we did during the war, the appeal of mutual helpfulness. Yet it is only by enlarging the areas where men feel that they work for mutual benefit and not at each other's expense that the violence and discrimination which is now channeled into race prejudice can permanently be reduced. Only so can we achieve One World, and realize in the United States the goal of live and let live. Our great job in peace is to fashion a world where men and women can admit that other people's strength is as much of an asset to them as they know it is in war.

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Veblen at Cedro

R. L. Duffus

I DON'T know whether or not Thorstein Veblen will be widely remembered fifty or a hundred or any number of years from now. I suspect he will be, for two books, *The Theory of the Leisure Class* and *The Theory of Business Enterprise*. Like other great men — and he was a great man — he grew in knowledge and wisdom, and these two volumes may not be as important in present-day terms as some he wrote in the latter years of his life. They seem to me more important in long-range terms because they contain his basic criticism of the society in which, somewhat to his bewilderment, he found himself.

Fifty or a hundred or any number of years from now the society will be different. His comments on conspicuous expenditure or conscientious withholding of efficiency may then have an almost purely historical value. He will be read, as Swift and Voltaire are read, as a satirist who exposed the foibles of his time. I do not mean to belittle his standing as an economist or a sociologist when I say this. I may mean that I am not competent to judge him in those roles. I may be competent to judge his satire, for I knew it at first hand.

There are, it appears to me, two kinds of satirists. There are those who just can't put up with human nature. Dean Swift couldn't. Ambrose Bierce, if I can put him in that gallery, couldn't. Such a satirist is a variety of psychoanalyst who sees no hope in psychoanalysis. He diagnoses his patients but sends them away

◎ ROBERT LUTHER DUFFUS, critic, novelist and essayist, has been a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times* since 1937. The book to which Mr. Duffus refers in his article is his *The Innocents at Cedro, A Memoir of Thorstein Veblen and Some Others*, MacMillan Company, 1944.

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with their jitters and eccentricities unabated. He yields, at best, a bitter amusement. Reform has no attraction for him. How can you reform an incurably defective animal?

The other species of satirist is a man with faith. He believes that human nature is not damned by being human nature but by its institutions. He would like to introduce different institutions. He begins by showing the absurdity of existing institutions. There is no trouble about this. One can always find absurdities if one looks for them. Capitalism is full of them. They can be found in every bank, every factory, every commuting train, every exclusive country club, and possibly in the top flights of most powerful labor unions. When I read the *Daily Worker* or extracts from the Moscow press I seem to find absurdities in communism, too.

The satirist who is also a reformer may not be convinced that all possible human institutions will be, in part, absurd. Indeed, he certainly is not. He is hopeful that great good will come by abolition of what seems to him illogical and introduction of what seems to him logical. Karl Marx and Henry George were satirists of this sort. I think the intellectual and possibly the emotional tragedy of Thorstein Veblen's life was that he did have faith in the basic humanity of human beings, did feel poignantly the sad position in which multitudes of human beings found themselves, and yet didn't really believe in any possible reform which would enhance mass happiness. He tried hard enough and people tried to persuade him and use him. He remained in the end a split and disconsolate personality.

This is approximately all I want to say at this time about Veblen's philosophy. I would like to go on now and illustrate what I have already said by some factors and incidents in my own acquaintance with him, which began when I was a college sophomore, lasted intensively for a year, and was renewed at rare intervals during the next nineteen years. I have written about this acquaintance elsewhere, and possibly with more emphasis on other personalities than would be proper here.

Let us stick as far as we can to Thorstein Veblen. For the convenience of the, I am afraid, many thousands of readers of this

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magazine who did not read the book to which I am delicately referring I shall summarize my own story. I lived in Veblen's household, at Cedro Cottage, Stanford University, for a year running from the fall of 1907 to the fall of 1908. Also living there during most of that year were my brother, William M. Duffus, another student named Harry George, two Indian ponies, forty hens and a cow. For a time Veblen maintained a housekeeper, Mrs. Wilson, along with Mrs. Baker, who was Mrs. Wilson's mother, and Virginia, Mrs. Wilson's daughter. During the year my brother and I had a personal tragedy — the death of our father, John M. Duffus, an invalided granite cutter, whom Veblen had taken into his household with the rest of us. Another tragedy, which also touched us deeply, occurred after we left Cedro. This was the death of Harry George, in Arizona, after a brave fight against tuberculosis.

During the remainder of Veblen's time at Stanford I saw him but little. I saw him a few times in New York after 1919, particularly during my brief service on the staff of the *Dial*, with which he was then associated. In 1927 I saw him in California, for the last time. He had a flurry of hope in 1919. I believe he thought that World War I had taught the human race something. Soon he realized that it had not, and in his last years he seemed to me lonely and disillusioned. The word disillusioned may not appear fitting for Veblen, who had so few illusions concerning the civilization in which he lived. But he did have his expectations. He worked hard, writing in that cryptic, fascinating style of his, because he supposed that writing would accomplish something. He did not believe in art for art's sake.

I have asked myself whether great men have to be unhappy. So many of them seem to be. Perhaps this is because they see truth clearly, know what ought to be done, and cannot really accept the fact that the mass of mankind is so much less wise, so much more ignorant than they. But I suppose Veblen was unhappy, as I have suggested, because he was sure what ought to be done and never sure that it would be done. He was a man out of the future, or out of some golden past, and he was not at home.

I turn back to the Cedro days with great affection, as we always

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turn back to the fringes of our youth. The affection for that period lasts, even though the sadness of two deaths hangs immediately over it. Perhaps my own perceptions color the manner in which I look at Thorstein Veblen through that haze. He had his personal troubles — woman troubles: his wife had suddenly left him; scandal pursued him; his university position, the best and easiest he ever had, was not secure. But I do believe he was happier at Cedro than he ever was later. He was nearer living the kind of life he was fitted to live. He had ample opportunity for studying and writing, for he had contrived not to have many students. All he wanted was a few disciples, and in Will Camp and later in Leon Ardzrooni and a few others he found them. For the customary undergraduate, especially of the athletic type, he had little use. Thus he possessed leisure, and he was living in a region where leisure could be enjoyed. I think it could be enjoyed more than it can now, for there was more isolation and more quietness.

Cedro Cottage had once been the home of Ariel Lathrop, brother of Mrs. Stanford, who with her husband, Senator Leland Stanford, founded the University. The grounds had been laid out in semi-formal fashion and may once have been well cared for. In my time, though all of us buzzed around pretty actively, the care was not evident. The Professor's study looked out on what might have been a flower garden once, with a trellised garden house and another little house, of matching architecture, containing plumbing. In the dry season this garden would be warm and full of sunny odors by day and dim with mystery — only I can't say that Veblen felt the mystery — by night. When the rains came everything naturally turned green and pulsed with growing.

There was a stable at the rear, in which the two Indian ponies resided. There was a little cottage in which my brother and I slept — and at first my father. There was the tent in which Harry George lived. There was the hen house. There was a little pasture lot. There were fig trees, other fruit trees, the cypress hedge lining the long graveled drive, the creek, dry in summer, down a wooded slope from the house; and all around there were

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meadows, brown or green according to season, dotted with live oaks that cast long shadows when the sun was low.

Seaward was the Coast Range, the Sierra Morena, jagged with the redwoods that thrust into the foggy air at the crest. The Professor took down a sort of shed that stood on the place and carted it up into the mountains, where he built himself a cabin out of it. At the end of our stay — the end of many things for all of us — William, Harry and I helped him dismantle it and return it to Cedro.

We did not penetrate deeply into the Professor's life. Sometimes he talked a great deal, sometimes not at all, never when he thought anyone was trying to trick him into talking. I have tried to reconstruct some of his conversation, but not with great success. But I can reconstruct a little of his external life at Cedro. He sat in his study, smoked his pipe until room and furniture were fragrant with tobacco (what kind of tobacco I would now like to know; I would give up cigarettes and smoke it); he dipped into lighter literature, among which I recall H. G. Wells's *First Men in the Moon*; he wrote papers and parts of books in a legible hand, as I found when he asked me to copy some on a typewriter; often he saddled one of the ponies and rode off into the hills, or hitched her to a two-wheeled cart and drove off; at other times he made trips to San Francisco or Berkeley and seemed glad to get home; by night, by moonlight and starlight, he liked to walk around the place, quiet-stepping, listening, brooding.

Mrs. Wilson looked after his study, bedroom and adjoining sitting room. The rest of us did not do this after the Wilson-Baker family left. Perhaps we swept the rooms out occasionally. My brother and I laid new matting in the sitting room — or living room, if anyone prefers. We did not make the Professor's bed. What we did do, in a natural division of labor, was to feed the animals and hens, milk the cow, curry the ponies when the dirt became too thick, do some errands in Palo Alto, two miles away, do all the cooking with the important exception of not making the Professor's coffee, and wash the dishes. The Professor explicitly desired no "cash nexus" with us. We worked for board and room. We hardly needed money, save for clothing, books and

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a few small university fees. This was a kind of patriarchal establishment over which Veblen presided. He must have enjoyed it, perhaps in a throwback to the habits of some of his Norse ancestors. If he had not enjoyed it he would not have set it up. He never needed three students on the place, let alone the seven persons he had at one time that year.

I cannot penetrate his motives. With most of the world he passed for a reserved and reticent man; a dry sort of man; a man who did not go out emotionally toward those who knew him; a man with a mechanistic philosophy; a man who would not grow moist-eyed over the sorrows of others. He made but one curt remark when my father died. He said he was very sorry, and never discussed the subject again. He could be brusque with us, especially when we asked for advice or information. But I believe he had sympathy deep inside of him. I believe he knew the problems of working students and went out of his way to make life easier for three of them — my brother, Harry George and myself.

Cedro for me was vibrant with magic. Certainly the mature, though still vigorous Veblen, could not have seen the environment as a sentimental youth saw it. But I think it fascinated him. I think his work might have taken a different turn if he had been allowed to go on living there in tranquillity. He might have missed some of the agitating outside currents that produced such books as *The Engineers and the Price System*, *Absentee Ownership*, and *The Nature of Peace*. He might not have been tempted to be a leader of causes and remained more a philosopher. I believe his dualism, his quarrel with the world and with his own nature, was less painful to him at Cedro than it was in the other places to which his destiny led him.

Certainly he never again seemed as near contentment as he was there. In saying this I try to guard myself against another certainty, that I myself looked at him with changed eyes in later years. I still believe that the bitterly silent man whom I once saw sit through a lunch with some New School professors; the taciturn *Dial* editor sitting awkwardly in front of a marble fireplace in an old house while other more vocal persons made plans; the old man in Berkeley who said, with a flicker of ancient pride, "I am older

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than I look," had lost his private key to happiness. Somewhere along the way he had lost it, but I think after leaving Cedro Cottage.

He would have been startled if he had thought that any of us at Cedro had an affection for him. We would have been startled, too, for what we seemed to feel was awe and admiration. But whenever I look back at those days at Cedro I am aware of a kind of warmth over the place that was not all sunshine and color, and sometimes I wonder if a little of that warmth did not emanate from the austere, locked-in personality of Thorstein Veblen.

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Is Einstein Right?

Christian Gauss

IN THE course of the past summer Professor Einstein issued a statement designed to shock the public out of its complacency. He was evidently deeply concerned, for he followed it shortly thereafter by an interview which he gave to the *New York Times*. Everyone who knows Professor Einstein realizes that he has all his life been unwilling to step out of his role as scientist, to make any statements on public questions. His work has done more than that of any other man to direct the thinking of our time into those channels which have finally resulted in the creation of the atomic bomb. He had accepted the chairmanship of the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists and had done this, not in order to stimulate further research along scientific lines, but to startle you and me into a sense of our new responsibility. Our victory in World War II, he tells us, is portentous, for it was achieved at the cost of a revolution. The nature of this revolution must be immediately recognized and its possible consequences forestalled, if our civilization is to continue. "A world authority and eventually a world state are now not merely desirable in the name of brotherhood; they are necessary for survival."

When Professor Einstein tells us that we must carry the facts of atomic energy to the man in the village square he indicates that significant political action is called for and that he believes in the democratic process. This is not for the moment our primary

◎ Dean of the College of Princeton University for twenty years, CHRISTIAN GAUSS was made dean of the alumni upon his retirement in 1945. He has recently been elected president of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.

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concern. When he tells us, however, that "a new type of thinking is essential if mankind is to survive," it is worth our while to inquire whether this involves a reorientation of the type of thinking done by scholars and university professors, and why this is necessary. Let us consider briefly the nature of the problem with which the scientists have confronted their colleagues in other fields of study.

New theories on the nature of our world and new inventions have, of course, influenced civilization in the past. The American anthropologist, Morgan, in the nineteenth century, found that even in primitive forms of social organization, inventions or the rudimentary applications of technology were so important that they could serve as a basis for determining the nature and degree of civilization. A very few of these inventions, like the use of fire and the manufacture of pottery in which men could cook their food, were sufficient to raise them from what he called "savagery" to "barbarism." The addition of a few other discoveries, like agriculture, the domestication of animals, the use of metals, the invention of the wheel, were sufficient to lift them from barbarism to the civilized state. We are not here concerned with the reasons that led later students to abandon Morgan's specific gradations. All of us are familiar with the somewhat similar classification of various epochs into the stone age, the iron age, the bronze age, etc. In the discussions of the reasons for the decline of particular civilizations which have reached a high degree of development, this question of the applications of science and technological invention, has persistently reappeared. We shall mention but one instance.

A distinguished nineteenth century scientist, Liebig, and a distinguished German historian, DuBois Reymond, carried on a discussion which may possibly have some relevance here. Roman civilization had reached a point of development considerably higher than that of any of the peoples outside Rome's dominion. Why was it that this civilization should have collapsed and the Roman Empire have fallen? One of the learned debaters held that the Roman Empire fell because of the Romans' ignorance of phosphoric acid, or as we would say today, chemical fertilizer.

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It was this ignorance which prevented the Romans from restoring the fertility of their exhausted soil. The other believed that it was the Romans' ignorance of gunpowder; with it they could easily have repelled barbarian attacks upon their far-flung frontiers.

The seriousness of the problem and the standing of the debaters were such that reverberations of this debate can still be found in the pages of learned journals. That the results were so largely negative should be ascribed to the fact that Liebig and Reymond were dealing not with the disease which was to prove fatal, but only with two of its symptoms. To hold her empire together Rome needed also a more rapid and effective means of communication; and we might with almost equal justice ascribe the fall of Rome to her ignorance of the telephone or telegraph. She needed also a more rapid and effective system of transport, and though the Romans knew the principle involved in the phenomenon which Watt utilized in developing the steam engine, the possibilities of steam power never seemed to tempt them.

The malady of which the Roman Empire died went much deeper. The Roman mind which excelled in its capacity for law and administration remained oriented toward the past and was essentially unimaginative. The forces which had been adequate to found and protect the original city on the seven hills were no longer adequate to rule and maintain an empire which embraced the Mediterranean world. She failed to recognize that in expanding her empire, she had altered the nature of her problem. She never dreamed of creating the technological instruments which might have assured her dominion over her over-extended and increasingly impoverished domain. Necessity could not become the mother of invention for a people who remained complacently ignorant even of their needs.

If, in its technological aspect, Rome's predicament was then the opposite of ours, in one sense we are suffering from the same malady. We must realize that a civilization which is altered in one of its aspects cannot remain anchored to its past. It must orient itself toward the future. It must reverse its time sense. In Einstein's words, "A new type of thinking is essential if mankind is to survive."

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One further comment on the DuBois Reymond type of thinking would seem to be pertinent here. The European world did not of course remain ignorant of the use of gunpowder. But strangely enough, when it was introduced many centuries later into the medieval feudal civilization which had succeeded the Roman, its effect was not in the least stabilizing. As much as any other single factor, gunpowder destroyed the age "when knighthood was in flower." The knight owed his prestige and political power to his prowess in arts which allowed him to meet his adversary at least on equal terms in single combat, hand to hand. Often the lord of a quite independent little principality with a moated castle on a hill could maintain himself and his dependents against interminable sieges by hostile lords and their retainers. But all his prestige and power collapsed when his traditional skills; the isolated little walled town and the moated castle could not prevail for even a few days against socially inferior mercenary soldiery armed with blunderbusses and cannon. New architecture, new types of city life and organization, new training, larger nationalistic political groupings, were so rapidly enforced that by the time of the Battle of Pavia (1525) the last of the knights, the Chevalier Bayard, had already become a pathetically anachronistic figure.

Neither did the steam engine act to preserve and stabilize. It is a commonplace that within a century it had forced "the industrial revolution." It is not necessary here to discuss the character and extent of this industrial revolution. Probably most of us would agree that technological inventions in the past have compelled societies to accept new forms of social and political organization.

In assessing our present situation we must, however, bear in mind that in terms of increased power for constructive or destructive purposes placed at the disposal of men, gunpowder and steam power were petty and minor inventions. It is impossible to establish anything like a ratio between them and the bomb. We may gather some idea of the potentialities involved in nuclear fission if we consider one of Professor Einstein's equations, $E = mc^2$. Here "E" represents energy expressed in ergs; "m", mass in grams; and "c", the speed of light in centimeters per second. This has been

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interpreted to mean that "every pound of any kind of matter contains as much energy as is given off by the explosion of fourteen million tons of T.N.T." We may momentarily console ourselves by remembering that present methods of nuclear fission release only a fraction of this theoretically possible power. But even so, the little bomb which was dropped on Hiroshima and killed eighty thousand civilians and demolished a city was of an incommensurably greater order of magnitude. If the revolutionary adjustments demanded are in any sort of proportion to power released, then scholars would do well to realize that figuratively speaking, the bomb has fallen on their own heads as well.

Philosophers used to tell us that there was no such thing as an isolated problem. No problem in any field could be finally insulated from the problems in other fields. Every problem in science or politics impinged, for instance, on problems of ethics, religion and art. This was merely another way of expressing what we used to call the unity of knowledge.

At about the time of DuBois Reymond's speculations on the decline of Rome, the French historian and critic, Taine, reformulated this principle into a law governing the development of civilizations. He called it the Law of Mutual Dependence. According to Taine, this meant that any signal advance (or retrogression) in politics, for instance, must, if the civilization is to remain in balance, induce compensatory changes in law, religion, literature, social organization, etc. The same would of course be true of significant advances in science. Students in the social studies are merely confirming Taine's "law" when they speak of dangerously delayed readjustments as a "social or institutional lag."

Professor Einstein then is right in appealing for immediate significant compensatory changes in our present political organization. The nation-state with sovereign powers, including the power to make war, was becoming anachronistic with the invention of more effective systems of communication and transport. It is now totally obsolete as an instrument for the protection of the culture and life of its people; and any attempt to maintain pretensions to "sovereign rights" must spell disaster to its

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own people as well as to our world. Many other cherished notions, such as that which holds that the primary function of governments is to promote and protect "free enterprise," when this may result in the manufacture and traffic in incommensurably greater quanta of energy, are now subject to revision.

What is called for is an extension of the frame of reference against which the validity and permissible limits of human conduct must be judged. This clearly involves the extension of the sphere of law to global dimensions, and a new and global enforcement agency. It is a staggering problem of readjustment, reconstruction and re-education.

What concerns us here is the degree of assistance which scientists may hope for in this campaign of re-education from scholars and teachers engaged in other disciplines. The immediate prospect is not encouraging. In the shaping of the modern mind the historians have probably played the major role, and their histories in large measure have been nationalistic. They have tended to emphasize as most significant the unique, particular and incommensurable aspect of every age and people. The objectivity which many of them assume their science demands, leads them to refrain from passing moral or "value" judgments. The nation, they say, is the product of historic forces which have operated in the past, and their operation is the *ultima ratio mundi*.

In this dispensation, history makes men. It is not men, like Lenin, Hitler and Mussolini and, in a quite different realm, Einstein, who make history. This orientation toward the past is nevertheless supposed by many to teach us more effectively than any other discipline how to act wisely in the present. Anyone who holds that in any important new situation wise decisions must be oriented toward the future and based on considerations of human welfare is usually regarded as a visionary or an ignoramus. In connection with the claim that history alone, or history primarily, can teach us to make wise decisions in the present, it is worth considering whether even the most accurate and dispassionate account of every stage that led to the invention and dropping of the bomb could help us very much in reaching a wise solution of the problem with which science has confronted us.

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Nor can the teaching of more courses in American history, now so widely advocated, help us greatly to transcend the limits of our nationalistic thinking — an act which scientists feel is the only road to security and human welfare. "Americanism," as inculcated in numerous history textbooks, and interpreted by congressional committees, has suddenly become more dangerously obstructionist.

Nor is the situation in what we grandly call "the humanities" more favorable. Its various disciplines also have been nationalized and over-historicized. Too many of our own scholars and teachers of literature have bent all their efforts to showing us not how great or humanly admirable a given work of literature is, but how completely it is seventeenth-century English or Spanish or how nineteenth-century German or Russian. This side of humanistic study in all fields has been almost hopelessly out of balance, and I believe it can be stated as a valid principle of literary judgment that the true greatness of a work of art depends upon the degree to which it transcends temporal and nationalistic limitations.

So Cervantes' *Don Quixote* is not great because of the Spanish and the seventeenth-century characteristics which it undoubtedly possesses. It is great because Germans, Frenchmen, Czechoslovakians, Russians and Americans today may still understand and enjoy it, and recognize that it presents so significant an aspect of human life and character that they may call one of their own friends "quixotic" without the slightest implication that he is either seventeenth-century or Spanish.

So Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is not great because it is an Elizabethan Englishman's picture of a Prince of Denmark. It is great because here again we have so fundamental an aspect of man's life and destiny presented, that men of quite different nationalistic conditioning can fully understand its meaning, and it loses only some of its quite minor accessories when presented in American modern dress. Work along these lines would seem the more fruitful method of cooperating with the scientists who insist that we are called upon to extend our horizons.

Scientists have long been engaged in the greatest cooperative global enterprise known to man. Biology, astronomy, math-

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ematics, physics, chemistry, have known no nationalistic limitations. These sciences have been advanced by the coordinated work of men of many nations, just as nuclear fission has been accomplished by the cooperation of men of varied national origins. It is easier for them to give political reality to this world in which they have in part lived and moved and had their being, with no loss of freedom and much profit to themselves.

It should also be easier for students and teachers of religion who admit the moral validity today of ideals set forth by Jesus and spread by Jews in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago. They might assist their colleagues teaching the innumerable new post-war courses in American Civilization, to explain why it is that Christmas, the anniversary of His birth which occurred so far beyond the temporal and geographic limits of the United States still arouses a deeper emotional response in Americans than even our own Fourth of July.

It will be far more difficult for practitioners of other disciplines who consciously or not have helped to build the barriers that balk us now. As the issues are greater than men ever sought to realize before, the recriminations will be fiercer and pride more desperately hurt. It may help to recall that many recognized before the bomb ever fell that the time had already come when we must learn to live in One World.

The stakes are immense, the task colossal, the time is short. But we may hope — we must hope — that man's own creation, man's own genius, will not destroy him. Scholars, indeed all men, must move forward in the faith of that philosopher who held that there is no problem the human reason can propound which the human reason cannot reason out.

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Darwin and the Tangled Bank

Theodore Baird

DETAILS of the scene can be filled in. They were both very great men. Carlyle was eighty. On his latest birthday he had been much honored. From Prussia came a decoration — "The Star . . . is really very pretty . . . hung with a black ribbon, with silver edges. . . . Had they sent me a ¼ lb. of good Tobacco the addition to my happiness had probably been . . . greater!" From America and Harvard came an honorary LL.D., and Disraeli, beginning his letter, "A Government should recognize intellect," offered him the Grand Cross of the Bath.

Darwin was sixty-six, and the *Origin* had been published for sixteen years. At home and abroad learned societies had delighted in recognizing him, and he too was entitled to wear the star with the black silver-edged ribbon, the Prussian *Pour le Mérite*. In the public mind he played a unique part, for his name had been appropriated to stand for what vast numbers of people professed to be against, Darwinism. He had been abused, denounced and reviled. Carlyle, in ordinary conversation, but not to the man's face, had had his say often enough: our descent from the apes is a humiliating discovery, which scientists had much better have kept to themselves, and, in short, he would like to lay his stick over Darwin's back. "I find no one," he told Allingham, "who has the deep abhorrence of [Darwinism] . . . . that I have in my heart of hearts!" Here then was a combination of persons more crucial than in the famous meeting of the libertine Wilkes and the moralist Johnson; here was personified the clash between science and literature, empiricism and intuition.

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We owe our knowledge of what they talked about to Carlyle's brief report. "I asked him," he said, "if he thought there was a possibility of men turning into apes again. . . . [Darwin] laughed much at this, and came back to it over and over again." Completely won over by Darwin personally, Carlyle was pleased with the meeting, and he told Allingham, who thought the phrase curious, that Darwin was a "pleasant, *jolly*-minded man." What Darwin thought of this exchange may well be contained in the sentence where he says of Carlyle, "As far as I could judge, I never met a man with a mind so ill adapted for scientific research."

Plainly Carlyle belongs to literature. Darwin's position is obscure. A popular textbook places him at the opposite pole, remarking that his work "cannot be said to belong to literature, if in the definition of literary work is presupposed an effort towards artistic expression." Yet Darwin, who certainly never thought of himself as a writer like Carlyle, was deeply concerned with literary composition, as the extensive remarks to Bates of the *Amazon* reveal. There were people who were born writers, he admitted, but he found the work hard. He had found it a good plan whenever he was in difficulties to fancy that someone had entered the room and asked him what he is doing; then he would try to explain "what it is all about." He added, "I think too much pains cannot be taken in making the style transparently clear and throwing eloquence to the dogs." The effort toward expression was there, and it would be a harsh critic who did not find artistic the result in *The Voyage of the Beagle*.

Darwin's subject — the face of the earth, the processes of nature — had long been within the scope of literature, and in his attitude there was nothing consciously novel. In the presence of the mystery or the beauty or the violence of nature, with the accompanying possible responses of worship or pleasure or shock, a writer could say, "Here it is, look at it," while simultaneously he communicated to the reader the effect, "How divine"; "How lovely"; or "How horrible." This, indeed, is the literary experience — seeing the object, feeling an emotion. And it is this which Darwin communicates on page after page of the *Journal and*

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Remarks made on the voyage around the world of H.M.S. Beagle. His emotions he records in the plain and modest language of the eighteenth century. They are none the less strong.

Naturally many were pleasurable. In reflecting on the five years' experience, he says he enjoyed himself deeply. His biggest word, *sublime*, he applies to large effects, like the forests of Brazil, "where the powers of life are predominant," or to Tierra del Fuego, "where Death and Decay prevail." Milder adjectives are *glorious*, *beautiful*, *delicious*, *striking*, *pretty*, and he is moved to speak of the "inexpressible charm" of life in the open air: the deathlike stillness of the plains, the Gauchos making their beds round the fire, the dogs keeping watch. More than once he deliberately took thought how to convey to the reader the pleasure he felt: "I wished to find language to express my ideas. Epithet after epithet was found too weak to convey to those who have not visited the intertropical regions the sensations of delight which the mind experiences."

Yet violence, destruction and death were everywhere part of the charming landscape, like the slowly wheeling condor in the sky. The observer's experience is complicated, and the emotions mixed. In the foreground there is ever present the human being — the Fuegian savage, described in pages comparable to Swift on the Yahoo, slavery in Brazil, the conflict of races in New Zealand. "Wherever the European has trod, death seems to pursue the aboriginal." The same kind of fact met him everywhere. There was the cormorant playing with the fish it caught: "Eight times successively the bird let its prey go, then dived after it." There were the seals lying in astonishing numbers on the rocks, watched in the sky all the while "by the patient but inauspicious eyes of the turkey-buzzard. This disgusting bird . . ."

Inanimate nature provoked even more violent response. The concepts of time and space, which might be enlarged by the attentive perusal of the paragraphs in Lyell's *Principles of Geology* on prepossessions in regard to the duration of past time, were shattered by the presence before his eyes of bones and shells and mountain ranges and in his ears the sound of running water. By immediate observation Darwin was forced to review his

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prepossessions, to consider how time in sufficient quantities could be conceived of; and the language he uses indicates how great was his perplexity. "It is impossible to reflect on the changed state of the American continent," he says, "without the deepest astonishment. . . . Certainly, no fact in the long history of the world is so startling as the wide and repeated exterminations of its inhabitants."

He returns to this problem, and once with especial solemnity. Climbing a pass in the Andes he saw and heard the muddy, steeply inclined mountain streams, whose roar was like that of the sea. "Amidst the din of rushing waters, the noise of the stones, as they rattled one over another, was most distinctly audible even from a distance. . . . The sound spoke eloquently to the geologist; the thousands and thousands of stones, which, striking against each other, made the one dull uniform sound, were all hurrying in one direction. It was like thinking on time, where the minute that now glides past is irrecoverable. So it was with these stones; the ocean is their eternity, and each note of that wild music told of one more step toward their destiny."

Often he had seen beds of mud and sand and shingle thousands of feet thick, and he had been inclined to exclaim that such enormous masses could never have been formed by natural causes, grain on grain. "But . . . when listening to the rattling noise of these torrents, and calling to mind that whole races of animals have passed away from the face of the earth, and that during this whole period, night and day, these stones have gone rattling onwards in their course, I have thought to myself, can any mountains, any continent, withstand such waste?" Any continent — as if nothing could be more stable. Yet even this prepossession was destroyed by the "perfect horror" of the earthquake at Valdivia. "I falter where I firmly trod," says Tennyson, and every reader knows his words are metaphorical, alluding to instabilities of faith, but for Darwin the quaking of the earth was a literal experience with consequences on his systematic thinking. "The earth, the very emblem of solidity, has moved beneath our feet," he says, "like a thin crust over a fluid."

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In this mixed response to nature — so beautiful, so horrible — Darwin was, of course, like many another man. Among his contemporaries the serious writers were making it their business to convey this very tension, to frame statements about it, even to resolve it, and in so doing they used traditional forms of speech, metaphors. They spoke as if an analogy between their manner of speaking and the universe really existed; and their readers, making the proper allowances, knew what they meant. It is unlikely that anyone ever asked Tennyson whether "God's finger touch'd him, and he slept," is an accurate verbal equivalent for the bursting of a blood vessel, nor was Carlyle besought to define in operational language his splendid, ringing phrases. Communication between author and reader was sustained by words which always meant more than their literal paraphrase, and the meaning was an insight, an intuition.

When in the *Origin* Darwin came to express how Nature as a whole seemed to him, he, too, used a metaphor. Nature, he said, is like something else, a struggle for existence, in which the fittest survive. The public instantly knew what he meant, recognizing the similarity as true (the Social Darwinians) or as false (the anti-Darwinians). And as a metaphor it must stand for some general experience, some common feeling about life, like that contained in the comparison with a flame ("Out, out, brief candle") or with a growing thing ("All flesh is as grass"). It implies what was by the middle of the nineteenth century a familiar literary attitude, the act of witnessing and feeling about, as at a play. It involves recognition of hero and villain, conflict, victory and defeat, and the conversion of painful emotions into pleasure. The dramatist asserts that everything turns out right, and the audience is satisfied, the tension relaxed. "Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

Educated readers were accustomed to the most exquisite verbal consolations about the death of Hamlet or the fall of man or the decline of the Roman Empire, and the ultimate, the inexpressible meanings resided in metaphor, as in the similarity of "good night," "rest," and "death." The transfer of this trained

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literary attitude to nature and its processes was apparently not difficult. A handful of seeds thrown on the ground becomes a drama. No matter how painful some moments, the spectator is finally satisfied. True, a number of seeds did not germinate, others were starved out, parasites and disease were shockingly destructive, but the play has a good ending — the survivors are the better plants. The complicated literary expression known as tragedy had recognized a paradox, that death is sometimes better than life, so that we applaud defeat. The metaphor of struggle for existence revises this proposition to read, life *is* better than death, the living *are* better than the dead. If nature is horrible, it is finally beautiful.

This kind of interpretation was to be expected from readers brought up on the prophetic writing of the nineteenth century. Carlyle could proclaim that the Universe is made by Law, that the great Soul of the World is just. "Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible: in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments, and mad Time-Vortexes, is there not, silent, eternal, an All-Just, an All-Beautiful . . ." and so on, ending, "This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact."

But Darwin was using language in quite another manner. He took pains to say that the struggle for existence is not a fact but only a figure of speech. He stops dead in his tracks, when first using the term, to explain, "I use this term in a large and metaphorical sense," and he defines exactly what in nature he is pointing at. Two dogs in a time of dearth may be truly said to struggle for life as they fight for a bone. Second, the phrase is extended to include the relation of dependence: a plant on the edge of a desert is dependent on sufficient moisture, a mistletoe is dependent on the apple tree. Third, the phrase includes success in leaving progeny. These three different kinds of behavior are represented by the shorthand notation, struggle for existence. And in detail Darwin was careful not to confuse his manner of speaking with the thing spoken of. Thus he writes, every single organic being "*may be said* to be striving . . . ."

Some readers knew well enough what Darwin was talking

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about. Asa Gray straightened out a correspondent who could not see how plants "struggled" since they had neither consciousness nor will, by replying that something really did happen in nature, "call the action what you please — competition (that is open to the same objection), collision or what not — it is just what I should think Darwin was driving at," and he refers him to the relevant passages of definition in the *Origin*. Here is a language difficulty. What phrase can stand for "the action" of nature, since it contains in it so many separate items, capable of expression in so many possible relationships? Any one metaphor — struggle, competition, collision — is little better than another, since none can express nature in its entirety. To understand the meaning of the phrase the reader must comprehend the grandly complex context, established by the author, in which nature appears as a multiplicity, so varied in its movements, that only the most wide-ranging mind can take it in.

Yet the parallel phrase, survival of the fittest, seems to imply that nature turns out right and that the best man wins. Each creature tends to become more and more improved, and this improvement leads to gradual advance in organization. This, says Darwin, is an intricate subject. Only a careless reader could suppose that Darwin saw clear direction in any given moment or event, that he was ever in a position to applaud the hero or hiss the villain, like the spectator in the theater — for at great length he expresses objections and qualifications to his own theory. A sequence of events can be labeled "improvement," but this word is not a fact, it is only a figure of speech. What exactly does it refer to in nature? Naturalists are not agreed among themselves, as they shift their points of view and adopt different scales of measurement. It can be defined — in words — as high differentiation and specialization of the several organs, but how do they apply to a particular organism, how as a means of comparison of two organisms? What, for example, is to be said of the many low forms which have not advanced since the dawn of life, where no sequence of improvement is perceptible, which, nevertheless, when dissected, reveal to the naturalist "their really wondrous and beautiful organization"? Then there are cases of

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"what we must call retrogression of organization," and how does that fit into movement going in one direction? As for the comparison of different types, to make an ascending scale seems hopeless, for "who will decide whether a cuttlefish be higher than a bee?"

The objection that a theory which must be so qualified is of little use is obviously wrong. Asa Gray and other readers knew what Darwin was talking about. Darwin's position as a writer was identical with that of the historian. Gibbon had been able to speak of events as true — in a certain way. He defined his scale, civilization under the Antonines, and, at the other extreme, the illiterate barbarian, so that the basic metaphor of decline and fall refers to something more expressed than the reader's personal scale of civilization. In detail, of course, he could not be sure of very much. The precise behavior of a particular Scythian during every moment of his life was unknown to him or to any man, but the general westward movement, in "waves," of the pastoral tribes of Asia, is an historical fact.

The figure of speech, then, points to a complicated event. A blow by blow account, with victory and defeat determined by the universal umpire, the score carefully kept, is impossible in the struggle of any organism's existence. How little he knew in detail Darwin is constantly reminding the reader: "We know hardly anything about . . . . If we make due allowance for our profound ignorance . . . . This ought to convince us of our ignorance . . . ." Granting, however, the enormous limitations of knowledge under which the historian and the scientist labor, we do know what they are driving at: that life has flourished in many forms, that whole races have disappeared, yet the historical record can be made out by the trained observer, and this record can be expressed in a large, metaphorical sense.

The basic figure for this process is the tree of life — the trunk, the branches and twigs, some living, some dead, all representing complex relationships. "I believe," said Darwin, "this simile largely speaks the truth," and for a page, and item by item, he works out the similitude of that great tree "which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the

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surface with its ever-branching and beautiful ramifications." The related movement which takes place while the tree grows, one part living, another part dying, one part branching out and continuing the succession — this is the struggle for existence. The way in which this movement takes place is natural selection. And as for the survival of the fittest, "The inhabitants of the world at successive periods in its history have beaten their predecessors in the race for life, and are, in so far *higher* in the scale." This is, indeed, largely the truth. On the diagram known as a family tree the living are higher on the scale than the dead. A temporal relation is represented spatially.

Darwin's use of language is consistent. If in addition to the analysis of metaphor a glossary is compiled of key words, such as *law*, *facts*, *nature*, *species*, *variety*, *variation*, and if the crucial word in each definition is followed up, it will appear that Darwin's verbal universe is expressed and his language system complete. From the pages of the *Origin* can be constructed a recognizable, going world. It would contain an enormous number of separate things, accurately observed: animals and insects and plants, continents and oceans. Life and death take place, the surface of the earth moves like a thin crust over a fluid, and whole races pass away. The causes are all natural. There would also be a consciously placed, self-disciplined observer, a man aware of his own ignorance. For him exists a language problem, to use words not as revelations of his own inner self but as pointers to actions outside the observer, and he solves it by limiting exactly the degree of similitude implied by his metaphor.

This observer is also much moved by what he sees. Privately, we know, Darwin took intense delight in the act of observing. His son writes: "I used to like to hear him admire the beauty of a flower; it was a kind of gratitude to the flower itself . . . ." The emotions expressed so modestly in *The Voyage of the Beagle* recur in more generalized form in the *Origin*. Wonder and amazement predominate. "No one," he says, "can have marveled more than I have done at the extinction of species." In the last stately pages of the *Origin* he, too, resolves the tension of nature, so horrible, so beautiful. "When I view all beings . . ." he says,

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"as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Cambrian system was deposited, they seem to me to become ennobled." And as he contemplated the tangled bank, clothed with plants, the birds singing, insects flitting about, and in the damp earth the worms crawling — the struggle for existence going on before his eyes while he paused in his morning stroll on the Sand Walk; as he reflected that these elaborate forms have all been produced by laws acting around us, and that from the war of nature, from famine and death, has come the production of the higher animals — then he says, "There is grandeur in this view of life . . . ."

Galton's praise of Darwin, that he had "studied veracity as the highest of arts," belongs to him both as an observer and as a writer. Actually it is hard to see how these two processes can be separated and distinguished. It is easier to conclude that in 1859, at one of the great moments in modern thought, literature and science were united.

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Professional Ethics and Social Change

Morris Llewellyn Cooke

IN THE light of the current world situation ethics become the rules of conduct for effective action looking toward socially desirable ends. Conformity to accepted patterns becomes increasingly inadequate. The times require aggressive inquiry as to what will further peace and understanding among men everywhere. Even as defined it is not of course too easy to decide just what is ethical in any given situation. Perhaps this is as it should be, because when conduct becomes arithmetical it has lost its flavor and probably its importance as well.

The necessity for promptly and constantly revamping our ethical concepts grows out of the startlingly progressive acceleration of the rate of change in human affairs. A more rapid growth can occur in one generation now than in many thousands of years in former times. Huxley ascribes this to the impact of modern science upon our social affairs and to the transfer of the evolutionary process from the physical to the mental with the result that man must become "consciously evolutionary." This makes for a new and inspiring attitude toward all social institutions — an attitude essential to leadership.

Without relieving the individual of any part of his personal and inalienable responsibility for the maintenance of high ethical standards, we would do well in a society constituted of an ever widening variety of groups to inquire into the influence they exert

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in this matter of ethics through direct corporate action and indirectly through influencing the behavior of their members when acting individually. Do these groups foster the qualities of ethical conduct which seemingly make for a better world?

The professional groups have been chosen for this discussion because what seems like "best opinion" in this country accords to professional men and women the status of intelligentsia. The fine edge having worn off the time-honored leadership of the propertied classes, professional people could easily take the helm if they would shed some of their treasured inhibitions, such as their unwillingness to mix in politics and fraternize with politicians. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that if they do not seize the torch of leadership it may fall into hands less well equipped.

Professional people properly assume that there is for each classification a definitive body of thought and a discipline which, once acquired, assures one's status. But this does not necessarily bar out from the professional classification certain unorganized individuals who perform functions of the greatest social importance, such as some of the elected officials of labor unions. Here is a category of citizens upon the competence and trustworthiness of whom the public interest depends in a very peculiar fashion, and where the requisite technical skill and know-how is acquired with a minimum of public assistance and under trying conditions. Have in mind here that the labor movement is growing up. More and more is being made of education for rank-and-file as well as for the leaders. In at least one union, to have taken certain educational courses is a prerequisite for holding office.

In setting up standards as to who should be included in any professional classification we should make sure that they are tenable if challenged. For instance the inclusion of mathematics — wholly essential in the case of engineering — cannot be considered as a universal test as to what does or does not justify professional status, for there is no mathematics in theology. On the other hand, the prominence of the public interest may well be a dominant test, for professional status is apt to be quite meaningless unless accompanied by a recognition of social obligation. Surely there is a far greater public interest in the forward-

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looking conduct of the labor movement than there was for instance in architecture before the days of multiple unit housing. So it will be well if society does everything possible to bring about the professional status of elected labor officials.

The record shows that in very few cases has the dominant group of any profession — by that I mean the one composed of the largest number of most representative and best qualified practitioners — sought to advance the public interest by group action, except as through its publications and preachments it may encourage the members to a higher level of technical performance.

It has been assumed in the past that professional codes of ethics have guarded not only individual practitioners, but society, against unethical conduct. Very few of these documents ever had what can under present standards be fairly called ethical significance.

The present-day status of professional codes is so tenuous that among the more influential of these groups it would be difficult to secure active interest either in revising an existing code or drafting a new one. It has come to be recognized that all life has become so complicated that the difficulties of describing in a necessarily short document the ethical musts and must-nots are practically insurmountable.

Where socially-minded collective action is taken, it seems to come about through dissident groups such as the Lawyers Guild, the Physicians Forum and, in the case of the physical scientists, the considerable number of recently organized groups having as their chief concern the settlement of questions connected with nuclear energy. But in all such cases the percentage of protestants seems pitifully inadequate for the needs of the hour. So much depends on organization and publicity in promoting causes that the single individual protestant within a group is more and more handicapped. There are outstanding examples indeed in which some of our most distinguished professional organizations have sought to block social developments, allegedly to safeguard the public's own best interests, but actually to maintain the status quo and to protect private as contrasted with public interests.

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PHYSICIANS

Take as an example the medical profession. Several years ago we had the fight against the group practice of medicine which was conducted relentlessly by the District of Columbia Medical Society. This case reached the Supreme Court of the United States, and there it was decided in favor of the people and the 3,000 government employees who through their own organization had sought to provide adequate and inexpensive medical service for themselves and their families.

Much more important of course is the fight now being conducted by the American Medical Association and its satellite agencies, such as the National Physicians' Committee, against federal legislation for health insurance for all the people as provided by the Murray-Wagner-Dingell Bill, a service quite comparable to that to be found in a number of foreign countries. The National Physicians' Committee is said to have raised at least $125,000 a year for the last three or four years from individual physicians and medical society treasuries to carry on the fight against the bill. Some county medical societies have levied special assessments on all members for this purpose. The National Physicians' Committee is reported to have secured large additional support from drug manufacturers.

It is difficult to estimate the sums which have been raised by local medical societies and some state societies to fight both state and federal health insurance legislation. The California Medical Association, for instance, raised its dues last year from $25 to $100 a year (between 4,000 and 5,000 members) for the purpose of providing a war chest.

Many local medical societies or some of their better-off members are paying — or combining with drug firms to pay — for good sized advertisements in local papers. The advertisements are designed by the National Physicians' Committee and mats are furnished the papers free. The David represented by the Committee for the Nation's Health advocating the Murray-Wagner-Dingell Bill with its relatively trifling funds will of course ultimately triumph against this million dollar Goliath. But one stands

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aghast at the waste and delay in a matter involving so much suffering and distress.

ENGINEERS

Each profession has its own customs and habits, both as to the participation of the organization in public affairs and as to the rules — written and unwritten — governing the conduct of the individual practitioner. In both matters my own profession of engineering is to a very great extent conditioned by the employer-employee relationship. The great majority of engineers are employees in private enterprises and are largely associated with the management, and so in matters not strictly technical are apt to take on the coloration of the profit motive as contrasted with public service. The situation is further complicated by the sympathy which engineers, especially in the higher salary brackets, usually have for the employer's outlook of opposition both to government and labor unions.

It is one thing for a professional organization to fail to take an active hand in forwarding public causes, to remain actually neutral. It is quite another when they line up against the public interest. For instance, experience proves that engineering organizations, whether national or local, which include in their membership any considerable number of the employees of private utility companies — railroad, telephone, electric and gas — are almost sure to be less than neutral in the discussions of public power projects such as T.V.A. and M.V.A. or in the continuing struggle of the people for rates based on cost plus a fair profit. Naturally the membership of most engineering organizations includes many utility employees. The American Institute of Electrical Engineers meets this situation in a way by discouraging the discussion of matters directly connected with consumer services and costs.

Engineering has been officially defined as "the art of organizing and directing men and of controlling the forces and materials of nature for the benefit of the human race." As might be surmised, we have difficulty in living up to this concept. Shortly after World War I several score engineering societies organized the American

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Engineering Council of the Federated Engineering Societies. The chairman, in opening the organization meeting, said the object was "to deal with public affairs of the city, state and nation where engineering experience and technical knowledge are involved and to take action on other matters of a non-technical character which are of common concern." Open meetings after the U.N. pattern were established. Inspired by its first president, Herbert Hoover, the Council brought out, under the sponsorship of a large and distinguished committee, its first report on "Waste in Industry" in which it was stated on indisputable data that employers as a class were responsible for 50 per cent of the waste in industry and the workers for only half as much. This was held to be lese majesty in employer circles. A report on the then existing "Twelve-Hour Day in Industry" proved equally distasteful to the employer group. Then open meetings were held to be impracticable and were abandoned. The reports of the Council took on less and less of the public-interest quality, and finally after a few years the organization folded up. A somewhat similar plan is now in the making. We are hopeful that the "free enterprisers" this time will show more wisdom.

PHYSICAL SCIENTISTS

The organizations of scientists afford an illustration of quite a different character for the failure of the scientist to be an all-round citizen broadly interested in public affairs is due primarily to his absorption in the most fascinating kind of work, followed as it usually is with almost religious enthusiasm.

There is also considerable evidence that scientists as a class are officially discouraged from participating in political action of any sort. The administrations of many small colleges, and even of some of our larger universities, discourage their faculties from going beyond their laboratories. The attitude seems to be that scientists, poor dears, are really not equipped for life in the great big pulsating world outside. Industrial concerns have very effective ways of exerting mild pressures in the same direction upon their scientist employees.

However, the shattering realities of World War II, and particu-

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larly the atom bomb, may have started the scientific profession on a new and promising trail. Organizations of physical scientists — numbering many thousands in their membership — have been set up in various parts of the country to work on the problems involved in the domestic and international handling of fissionable materials. No more worthwhile search for the truth can be imagined. The success already had in the defeat of the vicious principles of the May-Johnson Bill may encourage this splendidly equipped group to enter wider fields of public service.

Of course the May-Johnson Bill constituted a threat to the livelihood of many scientists. Another critical factor in this truly remarkable change of front has been the wide participation of scientists in military research during World War II. It gave to many young and old men and women for the first time a feeling that their contributions need not be limited to a single field of research. Further, physical and biological scientists have a traditional interest in international relations. Their work makes international collaboration a necessity.

The changing attitude of the scientist is well illustrated by the remarks made by a Norwegian woman scientist at the closing session of the recent U.N.E.S.C.O. meeting in London when in summary she said: "Before the war I went into my laboratory and metaphorically locked the door and wanted the world to go hang. Now I feel like a prisoner in my own laboratory."

ECONOMISTS

The economists have always impressed me as perhaps the most single-minded among professional groups in advocating the public as contrasted with private interests. They may be divided into two general groups: (1) the professional economists, who are the teachers of economics in colleges and universities; and (2) "economists" employed by business concerns, who may or may not be first-class from the point of view of professional training and status. The former, of course, constitute much the larger group.

The "economists" employed by business are apt to reflect their environment. Business normally selects those whose utterances will do more than just protect its legitimate interests. This class

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of economists is very conservative and is usually intolerant of progressive points of view. They are apt to be for unadulterated "free enterprise," the tariff and the gold standard. Perhaps here we have put our finger on one of the basic reasons why businessmen cannot qualify as professional. Just as they frequently use economists with none too assured standing with their professional brethren, so they employ lawyers knowing nothing about the nuances of the employer-employee relationship to conduct negotiations with labor unions, and advertising men — known as public relations counselors — to formulate statements of policy which are not necessarily understood by the management, and pass them on to the public through page advertisements in the newspapers. It is a vicious system and under present-day conditions in the long run will defeat itself.

The larger group of economists associated with educational institutions and influential in moulding the views of coming generations, may be subdivided as follows: the older among them, which is the smaller number, almost without exception reflect the progressivism of a generation ago, which appears to be conservative from the viewpoint of today; while the younger among them keep pace with the progressive thinking generated by rapidly-moving world events. The academic economists tend to be cloistered and not active in public affairs. This weakness is not so much a result of their disposition perhaps as of certain conditions: First, teaching is taxing work, and leaves little time for non-professional work. Second, research and publication is a condition of advancement. This drives the young economist to the library and its documents during his spare hours. Third, as the social sciences have developed a scientific technique, this has been accompanied by an assumption that science calls for aloofness and objectivity rather than participation. Fourth, the aversion of governing boards of educational institutions to too much publicity on the part of faculty members is not so much to progressive thinking as to exhibitionism, which may offend supporters. Usually no attention is paid to a monograph which may utter even radical thoughts, but much attention is paid to a newspaper headline identifying a teacher with radical groups.

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Yet now and then these collegiate economists do come out in the newspapers with pronunciamentos numerously signed, expressing progressive views. These statements carry great weight with the public. So the ideas of economists generally are ethically sound, but their public activity is ethically too restrained.

LAWYERS

The great contribution which the legal profession has made to the founding and upbuilding of the nation, their recent participation in the organization of the U.N. and its subsidiaries, and the dominant position of lawyers in our present-day society, as evidenced for instance by the fact that 300 members of Congress are lawyers, make the organization of the profession in the American Bar Association and numerous state and city associations a matter of very considerable interest in any discussion of professional ethics. Lawyers are too much a part of government to be against it in the sense that businessmen feel themselves in opposition to it. But lawyers' associations as such, and all but a relatively small percentage of practitioners, block liberalizing measures so consistently as to make their passage exceedingly difficult. In his *The Lawyer and Democracy* Charlton Ogburn expresses the opinion that "nothing obstructs the lawyer's acceptance of the modern theory of social justice more than the principle of individual freedom of contract" and so he is kept from seeing "that there can be no individual freedom of contract when there is such a glaring inequality of economic status." With the field peculiarly its own, the fact that this profession plays such an ineffective role in the rebuilding of our modern society must be chalked up against it.

EDUCATORS

Confronted with wide but understandable differences in social philosophy and pedagogical techniques among its members, and thwarted at many points by the American desire to have at least a chance at great riches, the educators organized in a wide variety of associations are in many respects the widest awake among the professions. This applies to the organizations themselves as well

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as to a very considerable percentage of the membership. This ferment is probably a response to the deep interest which the general public takes in education.

The struggle between the proponents of various tyes of vocational training and those who would adhere more or less vigorously to inherited types of formal and bookish learning goes on with few holds barred. Training, it is alleged with fervor, is being substituted for education. The advocates of training in turn deprecate the effort "to identify education exclusively with the ability to think."

A somewhat different though equally acrimonious debate goes on between the protagonists of science and those who do not want to lose the type of pedagogy current before the recent spectacular advent of science. True, science did have a very hard time getting its foot in the educational door. But now, in the eyes of the old order, it appears to be running away with the show. Here the problem involved is so to interweave these two disciplines — the humanities and science — that we avoid setting up two worlds where moral and social values will be determined by incongruous standards.

Above all else in ethical significance is how far should the educator go in meeting a widespread public demand for education designed to yield money returns — and little else?

Looking back over this survey, certain remedial measures are suggested. Professional men and women must accept their responsibility to see that group action increasingly conforms to accepted standards for individual conduct. We need in these organizations:

More democracy — whatever the cost in time and trouble.
More aggressive publicity as to what is going on.
Full and explicit written minutes and records.
More forthrightness tempered by courtesy, and less pussy-footing.
A few more leaders ready on occasion to stick their necks out.
The willingness to work at times with enthusiasm for distant objectives.
The advocacy of community associations not related to breadwinning vocations for every professional man; the building of a bridge between the technician and the politician.

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The avoidance of trouble-breeding line-ups as accomplished by the Quakers in their taking "the sense of the meeting" as a substitute for voting.

More frequent silences and less table-pounding.

Back of these latter techniques, as practiced by the Society of Friends, there is something which on occasion baffles go-getters.

Finally every professional man must have an eye to the influence he exerts on his environment. The expression of undiscriminating fear and forebodings may be actually devastating in human relationships. Take as an illustration the day-to-day ups and downs of our feelings as inspired by the changing headlines describing what Uncle Joe and his U.S.S.R. minions have been doing for or against us. Some of my overly-anxious friends are constantly on the lookout for "fellow travelers" in quaint places, just as single ladies in my youth nightly looked for burglars under their beds. As to most matters of wide public concern, educated professional people are supposed to have enough information to keep them from expressing the type of prejudices which make one ridiculous in the eyes of those reasonably acquainted with the subject in hand.

There may have been few moments in history when optimism as the dominant note was wholly tenable. Yet our progress to higher levels needs no demonstration. At any given moment — the present for instance — it is easy to marshal an array of facts that spells seeming doom. But it is equally easy to marshal facts demonstrating just the opposite, and in so doing one has the whole vista of human history and the record of the rocks in support. Intelligent people should know this, and they do know it, whether they act on it or not. We can be most effective by an attitude of discriminating optimism, by being a symbol — if ever so inconspicuous — of constructive hope in a world torn by the conflicts out of which progress is hammered.

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A Hoosier Boyhood

Will D. Howe

THE counties of Southern Indiana bordering on the Ohio had a special fascination for the boy who was born and grew up there in the years following the Civil War. The one great thing was the river, that long line winding in and out among the hills, so narrow in the drought of summer, so terrible when the floods came in late winter, bringing torrents of destruction. But to the boy it had only joy and expectation. Some day he would go on one of those big smoking steamers that came down every afternoon bound for the South. It was his dream to go down, the goal New Orleans, no way stop — never up. With chores done, or on the way to fishing, could he be in time to catch the first puffs of smoke as she hove in sight, to spell out the letters of the boat's name, to guess who was the captain, and to hear that long hoarse blast of the engine which was the signal to stop, to watch the darky stevedores put off the freight: a sewing machine, Estey organ, bags of flour, perhaps a crate of pigs. Then came the pulling up of the gangplank with plenty of shouts, and the chug-chug of the departing steamer on down the river.

Only low hills marked the snake-like crawl of the river until in the distance it followed the blue haze of the "Knobs," which to the youngster carried memories of incredible "rattlers" and scrambling for wild grapes on the ledges.

The Ohio marked the borderland between North and South, and the boy who looked across the valley was always asking what it looked like over in Kentucky. Stories he had heard exaggerated differences between North and South, and the boy's thoughts and fears were on "rebels and copperheads." Still there were always

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people from across the river whom he liked so that he could not understand where the difference was. In his mind there was always that scene which had thrilled him when he had seen *Uncle Tom* at the theater, of Eliza crossing on the blocks of ice for, though the theater might be taboo for a minister's family, no one ever dared question the propriety of going to see *Uncle Tom*. In that borderland the bitterness of old memories was partly softened by the stories told of the fraternizing of the soldiers, of the men in the war who traded tobacco, the secret carrying of foods to the "rebs" and other tragic stories that brought home the terrible nature of the fight.

Happily there are not many living at the present who can remember what was thought and believed and said in those dark days of reconstruction when the textbooks in the schools kept alive stories and descriptions of the Civil War in much the same spirit of partiality as the stories of the British Redcoats. But these were days of harsh words and quick tempers and sure convictions that one side was right. We knew not the word propaganda but we saw its power.

One cannot recall the seventies and eighties without the thought of politics. Indiana was a doubtful state, and the tier of counties along the river was close to Kentucky influence. In many of the families — they were usually large: my mother was the youngest of twelve — the two parents often differed in political faiths. It seemed that the proximity of the two in the same house intensified the convictions of each. Politics was largely about persons. Earnest discussions usually ended in a frenzied row, accompanied by the slamming of doors, very loud talk with considerable profanity and strong words. In most instances Democrat was a synonym of "copperhead," those who were at least lukewarm about the War, and the Abolitionists or Republicans who had been often involved in the mysterious activities of the "Underground Railways."

For a boy with a father who was an ardent Republican but with six Democrat uncles it may be imagined every election was the occasion for plenty of "fireworks." At all other times my father was highly respected, and it was only in the field of

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politics that his judgment failed and his opinions about candidates did not make sense in the family circle. Incidentally, one of his habits was a source of pride to his son. For many years he kept a diary, and each entry began with the kind of weather. Occasionally the bailiff from the county court called and escorted my father to the courtroom for him to offer testimony. Evidently there was no other record of weather, and in some cases the decision of a trial was affected by the evidence carried in those little books.

Of all the characters associated with my boyhood, no one stands out with greater distinctness than Uncle Nick, a saddlemaker of German descent in Kentucky. He had a way of closing his jaws and clipping his words with a shrill voice that made me think of the steel traps which I used for rabbits. He was a great object to me, slow in his motions, looked like Dan Webster, and was chock full of common sense and profanity. Although he was atheistically inclined and a strong Democrat, he was the closest friend to his brother-in-law, my father, who was a minister and Republican. And I always admired the way in which the two men could talk and disagree and part as friends.

Our heroes were, of course, the generals in the War, especially Grant and Lew Wallace, and Oliver P. Morton, War governor of Indiana, and Lincoln, whose boyhood had been spent only a few miles away. Although he had not acquired the glamor of a later day and his improper stories and uncouth ways were a bit perplexing to my mother and other women whom I used to hear discuss such things, he was beginning to be held up as a model because he had learned to read and study under such adverse conditions. However, hero number one was the immortal George, and what we would have done without the cherry tree story I never could make out. Why it must be a cherry tree we never could understand, either!

Almost as important were those whom we were supposed to hate, the British and the Confederate leaders. So far as I can remember there was always a fascination connected with Lee and Stonewall Jackson; they were intelligent but misguided. The one person who was the chief object of abuse and hatred was Jef-

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ferson Davis. "To hang Jeff Davis on the sour apple tree" was almost as much a part of a Hoosier boy's ambition as the treatment which the same boy many years afterwards heard English boys demand for the poor sinner Guy Fawkes.

It was a proud evening for the boy in the fall of 1880 when one of the chief national figures in the Garfield Campaign came to have supper at our house. The torchlight procession wound up the hill to escort the speaker and my father to the fairgrounds for the speaking. We had a flagpole, and during the weeks of the campaign regularly put up the flag. When Garfield was elected, my father and mother had one of the early invitations to come to the White House. It would be hazardous to make a guess of the number of times that I have heard the incident described, and when not long afterwards word came over the telegraph that Guiteau had shot the President, the grief in our home was as personal as if the loss were one of the family.

An incident of a somewhat later date was a call paid upon Ben Harrison a few days after he had been nominated at Chicago to lead the Republicans in their effort to defeat Cleveland, who had broken the long tradition of Republican victories. This incident has always seemed to me to show the contrast of change, for we drove up to the familiar two-story brick house in Indianapolis a little before noon, hitched the horse to the little "darky" metal post, rang the bell and were ushered in by the colored housekeeper. In a few minutes Ben Harrison came downstairs, bearded, wearing that familiar long black coat, and gave us a friendly welcome. There was certainly nothing to indicate the icy reserve which his enemies liked to attribute to him. The interview, perhaps a quarter of an hour long, was not interrupted by a caller, a telegram or secretary. And we came away as quietly as we had approached the man who would in a few months be elected President of the United States.

For a boy of "respectable" family, church was a necessary evil — and Sunday school, and sometimes prayer meeting. There were compensations in the chances which "religion" offered to young imaginations to contrive reasons for not attending — sure knowledge of an approaching illness, usually pain in the

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stomach; but in our family the most efficacious were the destructive "varmints" in the shape of moles which burrowed in the orchard. It was discovered by the boys and accepted by the parents that the most appropriate time to make the killing was on Sunday morning just before noon. Besides the permission to stay away from church, the reward was a bounty of twenty-five cents for each mole. A wonderful opportunity for concentration this offered as one sat or stood with hoe in hand, awaiting at 10:50 or 11:10 the slight tremor of the broken soil. Everything depended upon the one stroke, for if it failed there was nothing to do but wait until next Sunday morning!

In the minister's family the Sunday dinner was the great occasion when the clergy forgot about fasting, and all, smokers and non-smokers, not unlike the old schoolmaster in "The Deserted Village," relaxed to tell the old and new stories. There were always some good tellers and the War was still an absorbing topic, especially for the boy who saw in war only the fun of riding a horse, marching to music or camping out. Even waiting for the "second table" lost some of its curse when there was in the house a provident mother who thought as much of the children as she did of the visiting minister, and saved a choice piece of fried chicken. It must be true that the liking for the white or dark of chicken began with the choice that was reserved for the youngster at the second table!

Great occasions were the revivals or "basket meetings" in August, when buggies were hitched up and members of the congregation moved to the neighboring Silver Creek or Bethany Church Grove where there was plenty of preaching and fried chicken. Often this inaugurated two weeks of debate to "keep people religious" by arguing the question which so disturbed the earnest Christians of the day—whether to be saved it was necessary to be immersed. Just what would happen to those who were only "sprinkled" I do not remember any Baptist or Campbellite debater who was ever so bold as to predict, but the young hangers-on felt there was some awful judgment reserved for those who had not had the proper amount of water. At least one boy used to envy the glib way in which the preacher could use the few

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Greek words which were supposed to decide the question whether the Scripture permitted any method of salvation other than complete immersion.

No American boy can recall his early years without the thought of school. It would be gratifying perhaps if we could report the satisfaction which one took in learning, but what one really remembers is the longing for vacation or the time when school would be over. It was not because the boy did not like school but more because it kept him indoors, and the normal boy of those days craved above all things to be out of doors. The school which I knew was not so different from the one slightly caricatured by Eggleston in *The Hoosier Schoolboy* and *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, with very hard seats, the stove in the center of the room which was either cold or hot, nothing between, with many "grades" taught by one teacher. Reading, writing and arithmetic had recently taken on a very persistent associate subject by the name of geography. The process of it all was memorizing. The best period was on Friday afternoons, when the regular classes yielded to a special program of declamations, debates and a spelling match. This little world, the pretty girl with the pigtails, the naughty girl so much more alluring, the sissy of a boy, the teacher's pet, the big lumbering lout overgrown and backward with the small boy as his lackey, the youngster who could run fastest, and always the boy who could tell more of the secrets of human nature about which all the boys were so curious. There were the McGuffey Readers, with their gloomy verses warning us that we must prepare to die and bidding us to do the work of every day which would pile up like the multitudinous sands of the sea. Out of school there were the *Youth's Companion*, a few books like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and of course the Bible. We got some money at home and lovely printed cards at Sunday school when we could report we had reached Revelations.

For those who lived on a little farm about the only machine was a mowing machine. Otherwise, there was little that the small boy had to learn — no tractor, no radio, no telephone. For him there were just the horse and the plow, the cow and the milking stool, the hammer and saw and ax. For machinery the chief

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variation was in August when the threshing machine, with all the pomp of the circus, came to the farm, frightening horses and all things on the road. It brought a motley crew and at once the place became alive with the activities of the women of the neighborhood to provide meals for the threshers. (How they could eat!) The heat, the dust and the noise! The most coveted position was on the machine, cutting the wisps of grain that bound the sheaves. Every boy wanted to do that. Through the years have endured the itch, the taste, the dust and the din of those threshing machines and crews.

The happiest association for the boy was the animals on the farm — the horses, mules, cows and calves, sheep, pigs, turkeys and chickens — with their accompanying enemies, weasels, skunks and sheep-killing dogs. We knew not the word psychology, but we knew something of the temperament of animals, the horse with the blind eye or "the heaves" or with a color that everybody felt sorry for, a cow that would not "give down" her milk (of all torments which the animal world could devise the most annoying), the bandy chicken that walked alone, the little runt pig that was always running about to find an opening and seemed the busiest person on the place, and the spotted sheep that seemed to have no place in the process of evolution, cast off even by its parents.

One of those days which shine more brightly as the years pass was the thirteen mile drive to Louisville in the spring wagon. The start had to be made by four o'clock, before "sunup," so that we could be back by milking time in the afternoon. Even the early rising was part of the adventure. It was necessary to reach the stockyards early, get a flock of sheep and be on the return trip before noon. Today it seems difficult to imagine any adventure connected with a thirteen-mile drive, but today I also admire the courage of any one who would set out to drive a hundred sheep through the streets of Louisville to the ferry boat across to "Jeff" (no one called it Jeffersonville) and on the country roads to the farm in the upper county. It was joy, even now remembered, to eat the home-prepared lunch, to take one's turn in driving the sheep or "Dolly" in the spring wagon.

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The record of the ordinary boy's life of the seventies was filled with the chores which seemed to occupy all the empty places and so often came to prevent one from doing something one wanted to do: chopping wood and kindling, sawing wood for the winter, feeding the animals, milking the cows, the endless hitching up of the buggy (a job that it seemed would never end). But soon the disagreeable part was forgotten, when there was a chance to go hunting or fishing, to gather pawpaws or hickory nuts or walnuts, to help with the hog-killing or soap-making in crisp November, or the stirring of the maple sap early in February.

Perhaps the greatest wonder is that the boy ever grew up, survived the ills of man — typhoid, "consumption," ague, scarlet fever and cholera, besides all possible accidents with hatchet or saw or ax. Was it the herbs and home remedies which every mother was so prompt in providing, that exotic balsam soaked in whiskey for external applications, "red-pepper tea" for internal, salt bacon for bare feet punctured by rusty nails, and worst of all the asafetida bag which we carried about the neck and which made its obnoxious presence known in the schoolroom on a wet snowy morning beside a blazing stove? An adequate description of that situation I have never read.

So from one's childhood, days are recalled which at the time seemed commonplace, but with the years take on a glow which is pleasant to remember. Autobiography is after all a kind of fiction where the author makes a greater claim for veracity than in purely imaginative writing, but his reporting is colored by feelings which were never present at the time of the event.

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Peacetime Implications of Wartime Medical Discoveries

John F. Fulton

OUT of the chaos and devastation of war there have always emerged medical and scientific disclosures of value for peacetime. In normal circumstances medical research moves slowly and conservatively, but under the intense pressure of war the medical profession is faced with problems so acute as to justify revolutionary measures that could not be attempted in ordinary times. With the ingenuity and skill of the physician thus challenged, and with a vast number of patients on whom to test new techniques, new methods and new drugs, advances have taken place which in peacetime would have come far more slowly.

First among the achievements of war research have been the disclosures concerning the release of atomic energy. Not only have these placed in our hands the most deadly of all weapons of warfare, but they have given an enormous stimulus to medical and biological research. The radioactive products of atomic fission have provided new tools both for investigation of basic physiological processes and for combating disease, especially malignancy; already we find biologists and atomic physicists working in close collaboration. In France Dr. Joliot-Curie, who during the war period gallantly withheld from the enemy so much that would have expedited the Nazi war effort, is now industriously

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engaged in studies on the mode of activation of the thyroid gland (using radioactive iodine compounds), and on other so-called "tracer" compounds which depress the basal metabolic rate through their action upon the oxidative processes of the visceral and skeletal musculature. With his distinguished associate, A. Lacassagne, Joliot-Curie is also attacking the problem of malignant growths — again with the use of the new radioactive products of atomic fission. It was natural that Joliot should have been chosen as chairman of the French Atomic Bomb Commission to the United Nations: with men of his conspicuous integrity and scientific eminence selected for this responsibility, we can feel sure that the element of wisdom and sanity for which we all pray will be brought to bear in the deliberations of the United Nations concerning the control of atomic power.

In this country similar collaborative research is being conducted at such centers as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Johnson Foundation in Philadelphia, the University of Chicago, the California Institute of Technology, and in many other places. But nowhere has there developed a more happy and productive conjunction of talents than in the laboratories of the brothers Lawrence — John, M.D., and Ernest, Ph.D. — in Berkeley, California. Winner of a Nobel prize and inventor of the cyclotron, Ernest Lawrence for fifteen years has stood in the forefront of progress in modern physics, and during the war period he was high in the counsels of our government agencies concerned with atomic research. Dr. John Lawrence, who has worked in close touch with his brother, has applied his conspicuous talents to problems of aviation medicine, particularly high altitude physiology, and has contributed notably to our knowledge of inert gas exchange in the human body since he has had available the rare gases: krypton, xenon, argon, nitrogen and helium in radioactive form. He has thus been able to study their rate of uptake by the lungs and their elimination through various tissues of the body. This has proved of great value in increasing our understanding of the distressing syndrome of divers' and caisson workers' "bends," and the corresponding symptom complex experienced by high altitude fliers, generally referred to as altitude

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"bends" or decompression sickness. He has likewise been able to study a number of basic metabolic and respiratory problems through the use of radioactive carbon monoxide.

Some indication of the wide public interest in this work was evident at the recent meeting of the American Medical Association in San Francisco, when on July 2 Dr. John Lawrence was asked to speak on the uses of radioactive fission products in medical research before a plenary meeting of the Association: the huge war memorial auditorium, which will accommodate an audience of nearly 5,000 persons, was filled. On this occasion Dr. Lawrence did not touch upon another phase of his work — the use of radio phosphorus in the treatment of blood diseases such as leukemia.

Some may feel that studies of this sort would have taken place without the stimulus which the war gave to research. This is undoubtedly true of the broad problem of atomic energy, but it is also true that if Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, between them, had not, through their emergency war powers, authorized the expenditure of nearly three billion dollars for atomic research, years and decades might have passed before atomic energy could have been put to practical use. It was the vision and daring of these two wartime heads of state that advanced modern physics by at least fifty years. As far as medicine is concerned, we are only at the threshold of a great new era in medical research as a result of having harnessed the atom, and at the present time one can see the future but dimly. We have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that the new materials and techniques are in wise and responsible hands.

II

Sir Howard Florey who, with his resourceful team at Oxford, is responsible for establishing the therapeutic potentialities of penicillin — as well as for first isolating it in pure form, determining its dosage, and promoting its large-scale commercial production in this country — protested several years ago when someone referred to penicillin as an outcome of wartime research. His objections are well taken; but here again, as with atomic energy, it

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would have been many years before penicillin could have been made available in large quantities had it not been for the stimulus of war.

The story of penicillin has been frequently told and need not be repeated here, particularly since Sir Howard is in process of publishing a detailed monograph in which the meaningful story of the so-called antibiotics has been traced in detail. Knowledge that one micro-organism growing in close proximity to another might arrest the growth of the second had been known since the days of Pasteur, and during the first fifty years after bacteriology had come into existence as a separate science, there were many attempts to utilize for therapeutic purposes the known antagonisms between micro-organisms. André Gratia of Liège envisaged the possibility of making extracts from an organism known as streptothryx, which would combat infections caused by pathogenic staphylococci, but he did not succeed in making a preparation available for clinical use. Sir Alexander Fleming made a similar attempt with *penicillium* mold in 1929, but while he proved that he could arrest test-tube growth of pathogenic bacteria, he, like Gratia, failed to make active extracts effective in animals or in patients. The attempt of René Dubos of the Rockefeller Institute in New York to prepare a successful antibiotic resulted in his so-called "gramicidin," which was based on the well-known fact that micro-organisms of the soil are antagonistic to many of the more common pathogens such as streptococcus, staphylococcus and the gonococcus. Gramicidin has had a considerable clinical vogue, but it has now been largely abandoned because it is not only less effective than penicillin (and also the newest antibiotic, streptomycin), but it is considerably more toxic. Dubos' work, like that of Fleming, represents an important pioneering attempt to solve one of the great problems of human therapeutics.

In this year 1946 we are especially aware of another great clinical advance paralleling in many respects the story of penicillin — the introduction, one hundred years ago in October, of sulphuric ether as a surgical anesthetic. "The approach to a great discovery is long and devious and marked by the capture of a barrier here and an outpost there; when the fullness of time has come,

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the final assault is often made by more than one person, and the victor stands upon the shoulders of many who have preceded him — it may be of many who have fallen by the way." Humphry Davy had observed in 1799 that inhalation of nitrous oxide suppressed pain, but it was not until December, 1844, that Horace Wells, a Hartford dentist, had a tooth pulled while under nitrous oxide and a short time later, in Boston, attempted to demonstrate the use of his volatile agent in dentistry. Yet the experiment ended in failure, and he was forced to leave town in deep chagrin. Crawford Williamson Long of Georgia gave ether successfully to a number of patients between 1842 and 1845, and while they were under its influence, performed several major surgical procedures; but he seemed curiously unaware of the fact that he was introducing a new and most revolutionary procedure, and it was not until 1849 that he was induced to report his results.

On October 16, 1846, William T. G. Morton, a Boston dentist, was permitted to give ether to a patient at the Massachusetts General Hospital while John Collins Warren removed a tumor from the patient's neck. The patient, during this public demonstration, evinced no sign of pain or discomfort. Although unaware of its nature, the onlookers were prepared to accept Morton's new agent at its face value, and Morton, who thus had assumed personal responsibility, not only for testing his volatile agent on animals but for giving the first public demonstration of its use on a human being, convinced the world that surgical anesthesia was both feasible and safe. For that reason, although Morton had predecessors who had had the same idea, William H. Welch contended in his Ether Day Address in 1908, "I deem it fitting and only historical justice to say that in my judgment the greater share of the honor belongs to Morton."

The parallel with the discovery of penicillin is thus remarkably close, but there is an even more important common background in the stories of surgical anesthesia and penicillin, namely, that both discoveries were based on antecedent animal experimentation — and may those sentimentalists who demand the abolition of animal experimentation realize that Morton gave ether to a variety of animals, including dogs, before trying it on a human

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being, and that Howard Florey first proved in animals the effectiveness of penicillin in combating infection; he also used animals extensively in working out methods of extraction and purification of this, probably the greatest drug in the history of the pharmacopeia.

III

Surgery has probably been more benefited by wartime research than any other branch of medicine. In the last war no surgeon would have dreamed of closing an infected wound, or even one that was potentially infected, without leaving a drain. Now, thanks to the use of chemotherapeutic agents such as the sulpha drugs and penicillin, it is possible to close wounds of every description, even those of the abdomen, without drainage and without fear of subsequent complication from infection — provided all dead tissue has been carefully removed prior to the closure. So great at one time did confidence become in the effectiveness of the new chemotherapeutic agents that some of the younger surgeons grew careless and began closing badly contused wounds without "debridement," i.e., without careful removal of seriously damaged tissue. Such injured areas may be without circulation and they therefore become the foci of serious infection, since the blood stream is unable to carry antibacterial agents into such regions. Penicillin thus cannot be regarded as a substitute for good surgery, but merely a highly important adjunct. These newer principles of traumatic surgery, as worked out in the war theaters, have immediate application in all forms of civilian traumatic surgery, and they are rapidly infiltrating our surgical clinics, largely at the hands of the younger medical officers returning from active service.

A second important result of the use of penicillin and the sulpha drugs has been the avoidance of unnecessary amputations and unnecessary removal of potentially viable tissue. With the greater confidence which these drugs are bringing to the surgeon he is able to operate much less radically. Formerly it was taught that *all* contused tissue should be removed from an injured area; but a contused muscle may still have an active circulation and therefore

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be capable of regaining its normal function. When the thigh muscle or the calf has been injured by a high velocity missile, the muscle is generally contused over a large area, and a surgeon of the old school would in such instances have amputated rather than risk secondary infection. During the last two years of the war countless extremities injured in this manner have been saved by combining penicillin with conservative surgery. One of the burning arguments, however, which one still encounters in surgical amphitheaters turns on the criteria of tissue viability — how can a surgeon be certain that a contused muscle will recover its function? The old adage ran, "When in doubt, remove it." A newer epigram might run, "If it bleeds, it can recover," or "When in doubt, leave it."

Surgery has also been influenced by wartime studies on human blood and the blood plasma fractions which have become available in pure form, again as a direct result of wartime medical research. At the beginning of the war, much effort was devoted to the preparation of blood fractions suitable for transfusion. Blood plasma (whole blood minus the red cells) was made available, but since many untoward reactions occurred from the transfusion of incompatible plasmas, and since under war conditions blood typing was often difficult or impossible, the plasma proteins were fractionated and the globulin fraction which carries the allergic potentialities of the blood disposed of, leaving the albumins and fibrinogen. Albumin was then prepared in pure form and was thus made available for immediate transfusion without fear of transfusion complications.

It soon became obvious — and this should have been clear from our experience in the last war — that when men have sustained severe hemorrhage, whole blood is needed for transfusion, and not merely plasma or albumin, since many weeks are required for the body to regenerate its red cells. The British had attempted to collect and store whole blood at the beginning of the war, but their efforts were largely unsuccessful because of difficulties in preservation. In 1943 an effective preservative was developed by the National Research Council, and within a few months whole blood was being flown in enormous quantities to Europe as well

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as to all the outposts of our Pacific theater. So effective was this service that blood drawn on the West Coast was delivered in refrigerated containers forty-eight hours later at points such as Leyte, Okinawa and Iwo Jima; many thousands of lives were saved by this service alone.

As a result of these investigations on blood and its fractions, the civilian surgeon now has an imposing array of blood substitutes ready at any time for his use, and he will also be able to count upon a supply of stored whole blood rather than having to find a blood donor at the scene of an accident or at some outpost of civilization. He has also come to depend upon two other significant blood fractions; namely, fibrin and thrombin which, thanks to the work of Edwin Cohn, Franc Ingraham and others, are also available in pure form, and in combination can be used to stop the most stubborn hemorrhage, e.g., bleeding from the brain substance, or the liver, which is notoriously difficult to arrest. A more homely use of the fibrin-thrombin combination is for stopping a nosebleed or the hemorrhage that so often follows tooth extraction.

IV

It would be difficult to enumerate all the special branches of medicine that have benefited by war research. The causes of many disease entities have been discovered, and DDT and other insecticides developed to provide protection against those known to be insect-borne. But there is nothing quite so striking as the protection afforded our troops by mass inoculation, particularly against tetanus. To quote Brigadier General Elliott C. Cutler, Chief Consultant in Surgery of the European Theatre of Operations:

> I would like to speak of the miracle which has occurred in eliminating tetanus from military surgery. Let me recall some figures for you. In our Civil War, the mortality rate was from 89 to 95 per cent. Shortly before World War I, under the benefit of anti-toxin which was discovered and elaborated upon by the use of animals, the mortality rate had dropped to between 40 and 80 per cent. During World War I, large statistical evidence showed a mortality rate of 20 to 58 per cent; but, in this

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second World War, there are only 11 cases known to have occurred amongst 10,700,000 men. Of these 11 cases, 5 had been given toxoid and 6 had not. Moreover, in these 11 cases, there are records of only 4 deaths, 2 of which occurred in individuals who had received the basic series of toxoid but no booster dose, and 2 in individuals who had not received even the basic series. This is, in my mind, one of the great miracles of modern medicine. The basis of the establishment of a proper toxoid rests squarely upon animal investigation, and no greater debt could be acknowledged to our friends in the animal kingdom than this advance for the good of humanity.

V

Thus it is apparent that there have been advances in medical knowledge as a result of the war which in some measure compensate for the destruction left in its wake. We cannot yet fully visualize the potentialities of atomic energy in combating disease, but if it proves effective against cancer and other malignant growths — in that one field alone — it will save thousands of lives. Although penicillin and the other chemotherapeutic agents have already proved their enormous value and have, with the blood fractions, been of inestimable assistance to the surgeon, there is much still to be learned. The discovery of causes of disease entities and measures to destroy the insects which carry them has been another dramatic outcome of wartime research, but here again we have only made a beginning and there must be further investigation to teach us the safe uses of the powerful agents developed during the war.

In conclusion, may I draw attention to certain experiences of the war which may seem far from the subject under discussion, but which have considerable significance in peacetime medical research? The position which the physician came to occupy in the course of World War II gives cause for much sober reflection, for not only was he called upon to participate in important research ventures, but he became so closely linked with offensive strategy as to make it questionable whether he should be granted immunity under the terms of the Geneva convention. He landed with paratroopers and with the first wave of assault in actions such as those at Leyte and Iwo Jima. In the air he was often present on

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bombing missions to help indoctrinate flying personnel in the use of oxygen equipment and in the use of instruments and equipment to improve vision, especially night vision. In the laboratory, he was occupied with the development of lethal gases and bacterial vectors, and in some instances studied methods for making projectiles of all types more lethal to enemy personnel.

The electronic and atomic physicists have become even more heavily involved in the strategy of war than has the physician, and as civilians became known as "combat scientists," who were admitted to the most forward areas to study the effectiveness of instrumentalities of war such as radar devices or the latest rockets or high-explosive shells. Having thus surrendered the Hippocratic tradition of serving their government only for the purpose of preventing illness and healing the sick, it would seem that medical men, as well as the scientific advisers of the armed forces, should, in any future armed conflict, be included in the tables of organization in the highest echelon of the General Staff, and thus have a voice in strategic planning. At present, the medical services of the United States Army are relegated to a subsidiary division of the Services of Supply, and the Surgeon General has no direct voice in determining General Staff policy. Medicine occupies a similarly unenviable position in our national government. There is no cabinet post for medicine and public health, with the result that when problems involving the health of the nation and the practice of medicine come before the President, he has no one immediately at hand with authority to advise him. In view of the part which physicians and men of science have played, not only in the war itself but in preserving the health and welfare of the people, it would also seem of vital importance that our legislators consider the creation of two new cabinet posts, one for medicine and public health, the other for the coordination of scientific research in the national interest, in order that the contributions to medical knowledge made during the war may be more effectively and intelligently applied in peace as a part of an ever-expanding program to extend the horizons of medicine and science.

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Science and the Dream of Happiness

Irwin Edman

THERE was a time when a professional philosopher might have spoken with some security on the place of science in human affairs and particularly on its relation to human happiness. In the vocabulary of medieval thinking all knowledge and science were identical. The end of man was blessedness, and knowledge guided by faith was the avenue to eternal felicity. Even later, as late indeed as the twentieth century, a philosopher, accepting with uncritical reverence both the belief in progress through technical advance, and with equal finality the scheme of mechanistic materialism current since the time of Newton and Kepler, could have spoken with a certain assurance. He would not have pretended to know everything about the particular sciences (what scientist does?), but he would have assumed he knew enough of the general outlines of the scientific world picture to understand its human import and enough of the probabilities of history to believe that through science, and only thereby, could human happiness be attained and secured.

But here am I, invited rather pointedly as a non-scientist, a humanist — that is to say, a semi-ignorant man — to address a body of scientists in this year of anxiety in the world, and intellectual and moral uneasiness among scientists themselves.

As a humanist, I feel the same awe with which the plain man regards both the achievements of scientists and the complexity of their techniques and of their language. I acknowledge to begin with the customary ignorance of the humanistically trained of much that a minimally educated man should know about the

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methods and the scope of the sciences, about the nature of the physical world in which, for better or worse, humanists and scientists and plain men alike all live, and by which they live. But I know enough to be awed — who would not be — by the achievements of science, both theoretical and practical, of the last five centuries, and frightened (as are not scientists themselves?) by the deadly accomplishments of science in the last five years. Anyone aware of the consequences of nuclear research, as are even the stupidest, must be semi-paralysed by a sense of the dreadful power of scientific method. For it is clear as never before that the destiny of man, his destruction or his felicity, are implicit in the powers that scientific research has put and is constantly putting at man's disposal.

A mixture of ignorance and awe is hardly the frame of mind in which to address an audience. And I was, frankly, tempted to respond to this invitation by suggesting that a professional scientist be asked instead to address you on the subject of the implications of science for human welfare. But it occurred to me that there are several very good reasons why one not too close to specialized scientific work might quite properly speak to you.

In the first place, the consequences of science are not, and never have been, confined to scientists themselves. The consequences of what they think and the results of what they do have been immense both on the practical life and on the ultimate views and basic feelings of mankind. The use of science is a moral question, that is to say, a human question, and the vision of science as a theory, as an intellectual landscape, itself profoundly affects the imagination of human beings. Science as a technique has transformed the pattern of their lives and perhaps has, through its uses in warfare, contributed to the disruption of that pattern and so may be the instrument of the destruction of the species altogether. And slowly, almost imperceptibly, the changes in the forms of living have affected the temper and the spirit of men.

Scientific investigation, moreover, is a social enterprise. So elaborate have its techniques become, so expensive its apparatus and so crucial its social uses, that the kind of research encouraged

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in a civilization, whether for destruction or for the causes of cancer are matters that concern us all, the ignorant and the learned, the technicians and the poets alike. The mathematics and physics of nuclear energy may baffle the laymen, but the issues concern him and all of us. Insofar as either the vision or the technique of science affects human happiness, no one has an exclusive right to speak. On the other hand, the humanist surveying the enterprise of human kind has some claim to be heard. It is his professional business to reflect as best he can on the ultimate human import of all activities in which men engage. Nothing human is alien to him, Horace boasted, and to address one's self to ultimate good is impossible without consideration of those methods of science on which the possibility, now, even of survival depends.

Certainly very early in the history of thought the close connection between knowledge of both other things and of man himself, was regarded, as it was by Socrates, as an instrument, an agency, and a condition of man's welfare. But it was not until the impact of modern physical science that it was brought home forcibly to men, in the famous words of Francis Bacon, that knowledge was power, and that knowledge of nature might be used to extend the great empire of man over nature instead of the empire of man over man.

There have been many reasons why the relationship of science to happiness has been obscured. The two words themselves conjure up two different vistas. The first evokes techniques on the one hand and mathematical formulae on the other. Even the immense contributions made to man's comfort and to his efficiency have confused the scientific method and human good, for while chemistry and physics and all the physical sciences have seemed to contribute to man's power, they have not always seemed to promote his serenity and his joy. Happiness, even in the modern period, has seldom been defined in terms borrowed from the scientist. It has been described or expressed in the images and the adorations of the poets. The immense resourcefulness of science seemed to produce not the New Atlantis of which Bacon had dreamed, but the bleak industrial cities, the mass

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production, the many cheap things produced cheaply, of the Industrial Revolution. Lives as well as goods seemed to have been cheapened by science and, in the accidents of industry or the risks of mechanized war, held cheaply.

It has not been from industrial cities or from the formulae of physical and mathematical analysis that the dream of happiness has been assembled. Scientific resources have seemed to provide, along with palpable comforts and gadgets, the evils of industrial regimentation and the terrible efficiencies of war. The physico-mathematical picture of the world has seemed to exclude the very materials out of which the poet's or the plain man's vision of good is drawn, the vividnesses of sensation, the poignancy of emotion, the dignity of moral meaning. In the way of practice, science has rendered life at its best more comfortable and more standardized and mediocre. In the way of theory, it has not seemed to imaginations bred in a tradition of anthropocentric values to provide anything but a bleakly neutral mechanism.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that since science has emerged in regimental industry and atomic war, happiness has been relegated to the sphere of fantasies bred at once of human desire and of personal and social frustrations. Happiness is compounded of what poets have focused upon, the color and quality, the intensities and the aspirations, the energies and the creativeness of men. And since these were apparently not realized in the world of fact or the world of the physical and geometrizing intellect, they were placed in some golden dream of the past, or some golden vision of timeless essences eternally beheld. Men have fled from the world of fact to a world of significance, significance not in terms of the facts found in the laboratory but of values felt in love, in art, in religion. In the Garden of Eden, the City of God, the Platonized Paradise of pure forms have been found the elements of happiness. Some have taken these fantasies literally and have lived in hope of eventual Heaven. Some have tried to escape from the dreary world of fact to a dream world of frankly imagined values, a reverie instigated by both frustration and desire.

It must be pointed out, however, that during the last three cen-

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turies, for reflective and sober-minded persons science itself seemed to provide a realizable dream of happiness. I need hardly remind my hearers that in liberal minds of three centuries past science became closely identified with a confident promise of eventual human felicity. The promise held forth by the increased control of man over Nature seemed to be incalculable. The golden age for three centuries has been placed not in the past but in the future.

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return.

Nothing seemed impossible for human beings to the audacious imagination of the seventeenth century in England, to the enthusiasts for reason among the eighteenth century philosophers in France. There was, until recently, widely current in liberal spirits a faith in the infinite perfectability of human institutions. All that was needed was first to clear away inherited stupidities and traditional follies, as Voltaire suggested, and to bring the clear light of intelligence to play upon the problems of mankind, from illness and crime to government and business and law. This faith in the fruits of scientific method was carried well into the nineteenth century and even into the twentieth. That hope of progress through science may be said to have come to its first full stop with the beginning of the First World War. It came to another full stop with the news of the atomic bomb.

It seems quite clear by now that human intelligence may span oceans in hours and speak to distant continents in an instant. But the happiness dreamed of, the good society, the heaven on earth seems no whit nearer than it was in Greece, which had no science at all in the modern sense. Everyone who has watched the changing climate of feeling has seen scientific Utopianism fade. It has vanished for reasons given before, but there were others. The major issues of civilization do not seem to be those which are solved either by the engineering uses or theoretical advances in science, or did not, until recently, seem to be so solved. Mass production does not automatically distribute goods equitably; there is in capitalistic and in other societies starvation amid plenty. Instantaneous communication has not produced an era of

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perpetual good feeling and mutual understanding among nations. The triumph of understanding that emerged in the control of nuclear energy has simply brought a fearful threat of destruction into the world.

It has been observed now for several centuries that if progress be defined in terms of our moving toward a society all radiance and peace, science has been a human failure. It has provided everything for well-being, but universal well-being has remained a chimera. And, at least so far, no more hope has come from the application of scientific method to morals and legislation. Everyone remembers Bentham's boast that he, being a reasonable man, could legislate for his parish or for Peru, since the principles of legislation were universal. There has been a touching faith that social science could solve all human problems. But it has been observed that social sciences too often borrow simply the external of the physical sciences and until recently have treated mind as an abstraction and human beings as if they were inanimate things. The social sciences and the medico-psychologic sciences have been of real help, but happiness has remained a dream.

The temptation and the provocation have been to abandon science altogether and to say that it is a complex snare and an expensive delusion. Add up its technical triumphs, and they seem to have complicated man's life but not rejoiced it. It has not, on the one hand, provided enough things for all, and it has, on the other, provided elaborate and spirit-destroying luxuries for a few. It has robbed the believer of beliefs he may have had about another world, without providing any ultimate significance or meaning to this one. And today its most celebrated marvel is simply a device for ending the civilization that comes to a climax in a means for destroying itself. I think it not surprising that there should be all kinds of escapes offered to sensitive spirits and credulously accepted by them — escapes into mysticism, otherworldliness, and strange revelations often proffered late in life by scientists who would not think for a moment of offering with so little evidence any hypotheses in their own fields.

Perhaps it would be well for the imagination of men today if the discoveries of astronomers were as popular as those of physi-

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cists. In astronomy at least people would be habituated to longer views both in time and space, and since astronomical researches cannot so easily be turned into applied engineering marvels, a confusion between scientific inquiry and the engineering applications of science might be more readily distinguished. There would be, perhaps, less wringing of hands over the necessary fatality of scientific discovery if the public were reminded, for example, that nuclear energies are operative throughout the solar system, and that the atom bomb does not exhaust the possibilities of atomic fission. It is important to point out to those who counsel the abandonment of faith in scientific method because in its application it has not always conduced to human happiness, to consider frankly the ways in which science may and may not be expected to contribute to human welfare. It is equally important to remind the hasty abdicators of intelligence what lurks in the substitution of some other method than that of the patient and responsible inquiry of scientific analysis into human and physical problems.

There has perhaps always been a real confusion, not so much about scientific method, which, for all its complexities, most laymen clearly understand to be simply common sense extended in refinement and precision, intelligence doubly aware and careful; the ambiguity has rather been concerning that happiness *itself* which science is charged with not having promoted. In one sense, the charge is quite irrelevant to what the actual practice or the actual intention of scientific investigation is. Scientific method is a technique for the solution of specific problems, and it is sometimes argued as if happiness consisted in a world where all problems have been solved. Obviously, such static blessedness would not be altogether desirable to an impulsive animal like man living in dynamic time. On the other hand, insofar as happiness is defined in terms of fulfillments and enjoyments in which there is not primarily the provocation to investigation at all, happiness for human beings is illustrated by the delights of friendship, love and art.

Insofar as science in itself is an enjoyment and kind of intellectual creation, it is an art. In the sense in which it is a shared

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enterprise, it is a subtle friendship of the mind. But what is generally meant by the question as to whether science contributes to happiness, is whether it provides the conditions for such realizations as enter into that shared well-being which is a good life in a just society. Scientific inquiry may provide a happy way of life for a few, whose life comes to fulfillment in the processes of analysis itself. But that, also, is not what is generally meant by the contribution that science makes to happiness. The scientific habit of mind may, itself, as I propose to show before the end of this paper, contribute to happiness, through the enlargement and the refinement of intellectual landscape it provides. But the question we are asking is a larger one: How does science contribute both as mental habit and in its practical applications toward the shared well-being of all men — plain men and humanists and scientists in modern civilization?

In the first place, I think it important to realize that if the habit of the scientific approach to the understanding of the world and of ourselves were as widespread as education may gradually make it, men and women generally would be helped to discover what their happiness consists in, and to eliminate the sorrows that come from a misconception of where their possible felicity lies. One of the reasons the "dream of happiness" is so familiar a phrase is that generally speaking there is a resigned suspicion on the part of most people that happiness, in truth and of necessity, is a dream. For most persons, even though they live by the mechanical marvels of the present time and even perhaps imagining that they accept a scientific view of the world, continue to live imaginatively in terms inherited from mythology and religions and illusions. They have long believed that happiness, being as they suspect somehow illicit at best, must have its locus beyond ourselves, beyond this world. Their image of happiness is assembled almost by definition out of impossible goods — ends that mortality cannot hope for, like immortal life, or continuous ecstasy.

The first sense in which the scientific point of view may be a help to felicity is by defining for us the scope and orbit of our possible good. The plain man and the man of letters, and even the

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man of science, have to this day failed to take with full seriousness and adequate imaginative realization the scientific point of view. They have been impressed with the penny marvels or the expensive miracles of science. But all of them, humanist, scientist, plain man alike, have failed to draw the patent morals of scientific method or that general habit of mind by which it is sustained. They have not learned in any synoptic view of their own lives or of the life of mankind to construct their programs and their hopes and their values on the basis of analysis of the facts themselves. They have not reconsidered "man's hope" in terms of man's actual discoverable situation. The omnipresence of scientific enterprise has not made pervasive the habit of basing possibility in terms of what the actual turns out, upon inquiry, to be.

When the candor and objectivity necessary to scientific inquiry has become a habit of mind among mature men about their personal affairs, and about the affairs of society, illusory goods will no longer be yearned for, and possible goods will beckon as challenges to renewed and liberated life. In the circle of what *can* be done, one can find plenty of materials towards creativeness in the doing, and clarity and delight in the realization.

I shall return to the theme of what science as a landscape for the mind may be as a recourse for the soul. It may, as I shall try to show, provide values that religion itself cannot better provide, or may even become the substance of religion. But the spiritual fruits of religion are, like spiritual fruits generally, a late and a rare good.

I should like to deal first with the more obvious and more patent contribution of science to happiness, and with its apparent failure to produce such contributions. On the practical level, there has been disillusion with what science can do for us. All the resources of mass production have not abolished poverty; the mastery of physical control over nature has, at best, provided luxury, often corrupting luxury, for a few. All this has been charged against science itself, as if investigation into the order of nature was, by itself, responsible for disorders in modern society. I think it is necessary, therefore, to distinguish science from its

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particular social settings, and the special uses or misuses to which it is put in a given society or a given civilization. It is absurd to discuss *in vacuo* what science can or cannot do for human happiness, while tacitly making the assumptions of present political and social organization or the present state of general education.

The uses and disuses of science have, of course, become dramatized by the news and the speculations concerning the atom bomb. Here, in intense and concentrated form, is the issue that scientific research has posed for modern civilization ever since it was seen that mass production could be used for destruction as well as for shelter and for nourishment. Research into nuclear energy is simply the most melodramatic instance of how inquiry into the secrets of nature can be turned to the enrichment or to the obliteration of life. Destruction is simply more instantaneous, and the enrichment of life more incalculable, with the control of atomic energy. But the problem posed by technical mastery over nature has not been changed in essence. Ever since the Industrial Revolution, factories have been used for both the processing of food and ammunition.

The question raised by those who ask what contribution science can make to man's happiness is usually, in some form, this question: What do the immense practical resourcefulness and applicability of scientific method portend for the life of man?

It would be banal to recount the contributions science has made to the comfort and the convenience, the health and the longevity of human beings. But almost as early as the first Industrial Revolution itself, it was observed that the mere technical control of vast physical resources did not carry a promise of inevitable joy for mankind, or even of comfort and convenience for all. Mass production of basic necessities has not even assured basic necessities for all. As for the luxuries of transportation and comfort, they that are the direct result of modern techniques, these, too, remain expensively limited to the few. And it was observed also, not very much later than the early days of the Industrial Revolution, that the mere availability of things could kill the spirit rather than nourish it, and make us the victims rather than the masters of our techniques. All that mass produc-

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tion seemed to promise was either widespread mediocrity and regimentation of life, or luxury on the one hand with want on the other.

No longer do most critics picture a garden life for all, as a consequence of the leisure brought about by technical efficiencies through the application of scientific method. In that brave new world which Aldous Huxley satirized in his novel of that name, the point seemed to be that science does not conduce to felicity, for it provides the conditions, at best, of gadgeteering convenience — a regimented security.

There has been a good deal of nonsense talked about science and its contribution to personal happiness. As a delight, inquiry itself, for a very few, provides a good. But broadly speaking, scientific investigation is concerned with the solution of problems, and happiness is a name for those aspects of life which are fulfillment and not urgencies demanding solution. To ask whether the scientific itself yields happiness is to ask whether all our well-being comes from the solving of problems. The more realistic question is: Does science provide a way of life for Western man which contributes the conditions of a general well-being among mankind?

Occasionally a voice is raised that says not until we give up the application of science, and even its point of view, will well-being come to modern man. It is easy to point out that in certain simplicities of art, love, friendship, vision are our self-justified moments of life, and that the world of metropolitan standardization, of haste, has corrupted us from our own instinctive and possible goods. There are counsels of return to medievalism in industrial life and in imagination and thought. There are advices to escape to a world of eternal essences, or to our inner soliloquizing selves.

Well, for better or for worse, mass production is now necessary even to keep us alive, and it is impossible to reverse or to forget the instrumentalities science has put at our disposal. It is not impossible, however, to extend the habit of inquiry and the faith in human intelligence to fields still dominated by prejudice, special interest and encrusted tradition.

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If such an extension is made, it is impossible to foresee the limits which can be reached by a reliance, not only on the methods of science but on the general and basic elements of scientific faith to contribute to human good and the human sense of well-being. There used to be a fashion among anti-clericals in Europe in the nineteenth century to berate all religion by citing the history of folly, stupidity, hypocrisy and corruption that could be discovered in the background of almost any historic religious institution. In the same way, of late, there have been charges against science itself that are really accusations against certain misuses of science that have been made, especially since the beginning of the nineteenth century. Scientific method has been exploited in the interest of large-scale production primarily for profit rather than for functionalism, just as during the last war there was a concentration of research upon those aspects of theory and engineering practice which would facilitate destruction of our enemies. In other fields as well, the resources of scientific method have been put at the disposal of large-scale commercial interests. The marvels of radio communication have been yoked to serve the interests of advertisers, so that what could be a miraculous agency of enlightenment and taste has become a national broadcasting of banalities. The miracles of the possible cinematic art become the regimental mediocrity of Hollywood industry.

It is important, I think, to remind ourselves that even in the fields where the application of scientific method may contribute to the liberation of the spirit of men everywhere in devices for health, comfort and leisure, it has been prevented from doing so by the accidental incrustations of vested interests, traditional sovereignties, conventional equities. It was not, I think, until the dismaying consequences of the control of atomic energy became apparent that scientists themselves became almost guiltily aware of these facts. If physical research can have as a consequence human destruction, it becomes a paramount obligation of scientists themselves to regard research from the point of view of world citizens and responsible members of the human race. Control of atomic energy is not a question for soldiers, but for

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members of the general civilization whose very existence is concerned.

But this is true not only of those aspects of science that concerns war; it equally concerns those phases of it that concern peace. It is all very well to talk of science for Science's sake, as poets and aesthetes in the 1900's were speaking of art for Art's sake. The free play of mind and inquiry is as important for society itself — and not simply for the joy of it — as the free play of artistic creation. But the insistence on the free play of intelligence in research is not inconsistent with the responsibility of scientists for a free use in the widest public interest of the fruits of scientific inquiry. As long as the research of the scientist is primarily harnessed to the interests of special economic groups or as an instrument of power politics, the charges against science will remain plausible. The net effect of the achievements of human intelligence at its most spectacularly successful will be human catastrophe at its most revolting. The same will hold true so long as the precision, the objectivity, the freedom of scientific inquiry are limited merely to matters of physical control. Until there is an intellectual climate in which the habits of mind now considered proper to the study and the laboratory are extended to human relations, those crucial fields which determine whether or not science will redound to human welfare will be dominated by superstition, illusion and propaganda.

But supposing scientific method is extended to human affairs — and supposing, we are asked, the application of scientific method is for the common good, not for private greed or nationalistic aggrandizement. Supposing our general health is secured, our longevity lengthened, and the general physical conditions of well-being provided. Supposing our slums do become garden cities, and our leisure made so general that the terrible regimentation of factory work and factory towns will be reduced. Assume, even, that it will be possible for something of the creative crafts and arts to revive during wide general leisure. For it is not impossible to hope that with the extension of scientific inquiry to human ills and the use of physical researches for the commonweal, that these things will be possible.

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Will there not, it may quite properly be asked, still be something missing in a world dominated by the scientific point of view? When such a question is asked, what is usually implied is that what is missing is something that traditional religion has provided, and that the dominance of the habit of belief merely in the experimental methods of inquiry will not itself provide. What is implied is that scientific method can give us comfort, convenience, leisure, all the necessities toward felicity — but not felicity, not that which alone keeps life from despair, faith. Wars may be abolished, but there will be death even in great cities, and increased leisure may simply give us pause, more time to brood upon the emptiness of lives without a single comprehensive meaning to give point to them, or an immortality in after-life in which to redeem the failures of this one. Our own personal future is in every case fated to extinction, and there is promised, too, in the long run, extinction of the whole human scene. What dignity or meaning can life have when there is no faith possible in the permanent or ultimate significance of anything that genius ever has accomplished or expressed or felt?

Well, some of the promises of traditional religions, some of the kinds of meaning their mythologies give to life, I cannot pretend are derivable from anything that the method of the sciences or the habit of the scientific mind can yield. But in an important sense, science itself is a faith — an adequate one, and, I suspect, the only reliable one.

Because of the disastrous consequences, the social misuses of science, because of the blind alleys into which industrial civilization and power politics have led us, there is a natural temptation to fly away from that verifiable knowledge and from responsible intelligence, which seem to have served us with nothing but disaster. There is a strong temptation to flee to irresponsible dreams of impossible Heavens, of womb-like and tomb-like inner peace. But like all daydreams, these are narcoses, not solutions. They are precarious and illusory escapes.

Whether or not scientific method can yield the human race all the conditions of felicity, it is clear that in such organized intelligence lies its only hope. And the hope is a fair one. For what

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scientific method suggests to us and implies for those who stake the human future upon it, is not a Paradise on earth. It is faith that human intelligence joined to good will may make for man a society in which those ills are reduced that are the consequence of ignorance or illusion, those goods are available to all which come within the compass of an adult awareness of what life and human nature can sustain and make possible.

Faith in science is faith in the hope, the fruitfulness and value of the human adventure. It is a faith that action will be, within limits, effective, and that the effects of action will be humanly rewarding. There will be little time or inclination to speculate on the meaninglessness of life, or to allege meaninglessness. Inquiry itself will render so much possible in the way of new discriminations and hitherto unsuspected varieties of goods and value in the world that the world itself will become charged not with one preordained meaning, but with ever-new awarenesses and interests. The habit of inquiry will liberate the spontaneities of imagination. The human adventure, in science itself, in art, in human relations will be sufficient nourishment for a faith in humanity and its future.

I began by saying that in the Middle Ages knowledge and science were identical, and that happiness was seen as their fulfillment. I reminded my hearers that Francis Bacon said knowledge was power. The medieval notion and that of Francis Bacon are both, with a difference, still true. Science is now perhaps the only reliable method of knowledge, of responsible inquiry. It is the *sine qua non* of any happiness possible for the race, and the only alternative is, now more than ever, catastrophe. Our knowledge is still power; sometimes, as in the case of the atomic bomb, deadly and terrifying power. But what knowledge is power *for* — that is the issue for scientists and humanists alike.

It may be power for power's sake, in the hands of unscrupulous men. It may be power for humanity's sake, if used by a world opinion itself educated to the point of view of responsible intelligence. Science as the instrument of understanding and of control may provide us eventually with some of the very joys which it has been assumed are open only to traditional worship. The co-

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operative adventure of human beings may itself yield some of the joy of mystical communion. The sense of partnership in the common human enterprise can give something of the sense of being children born of the same nature and bound by the same fate. And a sense of the perfectibilities possible to man through his cooperative intelligence may well emerge as reverence addressed to possible good.

Happiness, in the sense of a childish ecstasy, may or may not be possible through science. But in the sense of a well-being — a well-being made possible and sustained by the scientific faith itself — science may well contribute to the changing of happiness from a dream into a beckoning possible and an adult idea!

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A Caravan of Young Poets

KINDERGARTEN

Braiding sorrows in kindergarten,
Cutting from the stuff of boredom
Rose and cobalt slips of rain,
We make a paper chain.

(Sometimes there is a fragrance
Steamed by sun from evergreens,
A sweetness of amorous spring
In the flesh of everything.)

In kindergarten . . . filling
Buckets of time with sand . . .
We sit on benches, crying
Over birds in cages, dying,

Till bells, hung in the cloud
Higher than towers we build
For bells, call like golden bulls
Or resurrected skulls.

We leave the puppet show
Of dancing dolls and battles,
From kindergarten trooping
In coward hope of sleeping.

But where is sleep or night
When the dark burns so bright?

Eve Triem

THE MODERNS

Through a midsummer haze
they watch the calendar,
and shapes of seven herbs go by
to surprise their blood with a garland.

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At dawn, at dusty-leaf edge of a hollow,
a turtledove swings her bell of wood.
They do not know they watch,
and the smell of tansy
takes them by surprise.

And even the names of a hundred charms
have left them,
but the need remains, the need is greater now.

From their burning towns
they turn with an animal wonder
to hear the striking of clocks,
to look back, deep, deep into the wells of their blood
and watch the candles in flat baskets
floating on water —
sunflower flame afloat in thick darkness.
But they do not understand.

And their children?
Boy in a seaplane —
from midsummer night boy falling,
plane burning —
almost remembers how his life is locked
in the steel of a knife that cut his navel-string.
And he sees — how like a knife they shine —
the white stars of the Swan,
and grasps the hilt,
and stays his fall.
And from a field of seven herbs
lifts safely his singed wings.

Eve Triem

TRESPASS

This journey (crossing miles of rivers) into the mind of another
is like forcing the mummy-tombs,
or climbing planet-stairs to the Temple,
Sumerian, of the Moon.
(Trespass . . . lizards and bats there to forbid it,
and no living man.)

But I have to know . . . I have to touch
what idol he has set there for a sign . . . what oil of roses spilled . . .
to hear his cry into the silences of lonely sleep.

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It is a clean place, very young, of egg-shell white,
and one green thing, a potted Aztec tree.

He turns at my turning, smiling into the eyes of guns;
he listens . . . no friend's name, nor of women
the cedar-smell of flowing hair, flows into his dreams.
(Oh, why did I come?) A nightingale flies through his blood
and sings every night, delighting this bird changed into boy
and guardian of new guns.

Eve Triem

LET HIM PRAISE DEATH

Let him praise Death who meets
Her brilliance for himself,
For whom she is hunger and fruit,
Venom, his dream has sweetened.

But when she comes to steal,
Not him, but his darling,
Will he praise her, and seize
Her hard hands to kiss,
Her hair to bruise his mouth?

She will not leave him whole,
Nor wholly take him.
She will trample his herbs,
And spill his blood's perfume,
And slash his dove's throat.
She will burn his earth's vineyard,
She will quench his earth's sun.

Now let him praise her —
From the night of scorched stone . . .
Naked to sleet and gale,
With tolling words,
With tones of lament,
Let him praise Death
For her brilliant arms
And her breast, obsidian.

Eve Triem

◎ EVE TRIEM's poems have appeared in *Poetry;* the *Yale Review* and the *New York Times*. Her first book of poems, entitled *Parade of Doves*, sponsored by the League to Support Poetry, will be published in November.

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EMBELLISHMENT

Split, slice, hold the tree fast,
Cut the branch here to make it grow,
Bear plums, grapes, figs and flowers,
Red apples in a later season.

Watch the robin's bewildered stare,
The wide-eyed wonder of the lilac bush;
But do not start at the fullest surprise,
The snatching bird or scavenger child.

Watch, water, plant, prune,
Eternal fruit and eternal flower,
Always a harvest, always a blooming,
Birth and death, growing and sickening.

Never time to look for the looking,
Be ready to gather at any month.
The fallen pear and the budding branch —
A grafted tree is hypocrisy.

Vivian Campbell

PROTECT THE POSSESSOR

Protect the possessor of the spring rock,
the violent kiss, the heart of the flower.
Let the innermost parts of these be known —
the beginning minute and the beginning hour.

These, like the day, are the life beholden.
If spoken nouns be allusions to wrong,
the birth will end before its conception,
the words be sung before the song.

Sounds that shyly point at these
possess too much the notes of hate.
If the mind hides from the growing root,
the truth will come, but far too late.

Vivian Campbell

◎ The poems of VIVIAN CAMPBELL have appeared in various "little magazines" both in this country and abroad. She has also published critical articles on painters and writers.

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SONNET

If you and I were caught in lava flow,
And kept ten thousand years and petrified,
Then found by future man; what would he know
Of all the things we did before we died?
He'd trace the convolutions which your brain
Etched on your skull, like sea upon the sand,
Deduce that you could build the aeroplane,
Or say that tools were adept in your hand.
He'd know our lips had languages and letters,
And he might guess, because my bones are small,
That clothed in flesh, we might have clung as lovers
Beneath the agate trees, by empty rivers,
And scarcely heard approaching fate at all.
And knowing this, he would know all that matters.

Irene Orgel

◎ Born in England, IRENE ORGEL came to the United States in 1939. This is her third poem to appear in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Miss Orgel holds a teaching assistantship in the department of English at New York University.

SEPTEMBER

In September my birth-month
The year grows fringed about the lone dandelion.
Fiery tale of disenchantment,
Cold sun through gold leaves —
This whisper of the dead and dying,
"I'm here, I'm still here."

Margaret Cull

◎ MARGARET CULL has had short stories printed in the *Cleveland News*, *Manuscript* and in an anthology, *The Life We Image*.

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MEETING IN SUNSHINE

Rouse up, Rayanna: answer flash
Of sun with laughter to the skies;
Lift shade on morning we shall meet,
Let warmth break pane;
So, so pain dies:
It is dissolved by flame
Explosive in heartbeat, in eyes,
And hands that grasp
Love volatile in comrade clasp.

Move happily now, quick, quick,
Into today's bright dress, and touch
Once your gold hair for love's good luck,
(In mirror see the spring) then track
Joy down through corridors with speed,
In elevator drop to springtime street,
Down sidewalk, subway stairs, through stile,
And pull train on, Rayanna, give will
To curve of track, give purpose to the wheel.

Run, run, now, up and out
To spring; weather at throat
Breathes into caverns of desire,
Envelops love, takes fire:
Run, run, then, with the flare
Of sun in brain to shrivel up despair.

(Our space is illimitable;
Cannot expand or shrink:
Between our heated palms we scout
Our sphere alone; the blood can think,
Derive our formulae, define dimensions, plot
Unnumbered variables, love's co-ordinates
For infinite values assignable to a kiss:
Our sphere curves out more infinite than this.

Illimitable is time;
It is not day or century;
It is essential clay of you and me
Shaped now one way, tomorrow differently.)

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Turn ultimate corner now, break through
The intricate earth to where I wait for you;
Resolve the complex of your eyes,
Make concepts single; we are where beauty lies.

Sunlight bolts down and singles out this space,
This instant when we meet;
Sunlight rebounds, reverberates:
Regenerative heat:
Cohesive warmth enveloping the earth,
Reflected from your face,
Until the last stray bits of universe
Are steadied into place.

Peter Margolies

◎ Before the war, PETER MARGOLIES was associated with International News Service and the Washington, D. C., *Daily News*. He then spent three and one-half years in the U. S. Marine Corps as a combat correspondent and a script writer for military films. At present he is a member of the editorial staff at Crown Publishers.

ECLIPSE

One more coincidence of time — a line
drawn quickly through the planets would bisect
their centers, disappear. The great design
spun ponderously in space does thus connect
the spider and the stars, the patient blend
of forces where the orbits clash, the weight
of atoms and the plotted speeds that send
the spheres careening toward their balanced fate.

But did I say coincidence? To find,
in all these turning lights that come and go,
three points to form a line — to see them, blind
and massive, dance like elephants below
the whip of time — the immortal fable shrinks,
the concept broadens, and the creature thinks!

Harold Applebaum

◎ HAROLD APPLEBAUM started writing while in the Army. His work has since appeared in *Best from Yank*, *American Mercury*, *Tomorrow* and other magazines. His first book of poems, *Solo*, will be published next spring.

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The American Scholar Gallery

I

Neilson of Smith

Marjorie Hope Nicolson

It seemed to me natural and right that the obituary notices of William Allan Neilson, even in metropolitan dailies and weeklies, should have been personal and lively rather than formal. Perhaps some had been written in advance for the "morgue" by men or women who had known him; others must have been compiled at the last moment from records, for his death was unexpected. At all events even these anonymous editors realized that here had been a force to conjure with, a man who must not be sent to his grave merely with bald facts gleaned from *Who's Who*. In a way he wrote his own obituaries, for the columns sparkled with the quick wit of Neilson of Smith, who had been Neilson of Harvard, of Columbia, of Bryn Mawr, most of all Neilson of Scotland.

Even in his own lifetime he became a legend. Stories about him grew as in sagas and eddas. Day unto day uttereth speech, and one generation of college students hands down to the next tales which grow like snowballs. Usually Neilson was amused by *Neilsoniana*. Many a time I have caught his eye when a presiding officer was introducing him with a supposed "Neilson story." After the event, I would challenge him: "You never said that, did you?" "No," he would reply with that infectious twinkle of his, "but I wish I had." But on other occasions he was irritated, as was I when I read in the papers some of the stories to which he most objected, particularly the oft-repeated but entirely unfounded tale that he, the President of Smith College, discovering a girl who was attempting to get into her dormitory after hours via the fire escape, gave her a gentle boost. Such stories he imperiously denied, as well he might, for they were out of character. Swift of wit, readier on the intellectual trigger than anyone I have ever known, he had one basic quality which gave the lie to such stories: he was a man of such inherent dignity and taste that he could not do or say anything fundamentally cheap.

For more than ten years I was his Dean at Smith College. During that period I saw him constantly in Northampton and in many other places among other groups of men and women. We were fellow editors of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, of which he had been a founder. Indeed the last time I ever saw him — with no presage that it was to be the last time — I walked with him after our meeting from the Biltmore Hotel to the Grand Central Station, where he was to take a train for home. It had been the kind of evening in which he always delighted, as AMERICAN SCHOLAR meetings are likely to be, an evening of wit and badinage, of serious business handled lightly. His old friend Will Howe was absent that evening, but Neilson and another fellow-founder, Christian Gauss, had teased each other as usual. Dean Gauss was just retiring from his long and distin-

© MARJORIE HOPE NICOLSON is the retiring president of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa and a member of the editorial board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. She was dean of Smith College from 1929 to 1941, during Dr. Neilson's presidency. She is now professor of English literature in the Graduate School of Columbia University.

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guished deanship at Princeton, and Neilson occupied himself with giving his junior lessons on "how to be a good emeritus — a real art, I assure you, Gauss." He had sat next to Irita Van Doren, as he always tried to, for he was a rare judge of charming women. ("I ought to be," he would say, "surrounded as I have been by two thousand of them every day.") He bandied words with Irwin Edman, whom he greatly admired. And while Harlow Shapley, who fascinated Neilson — I suspect because he was even more fertile in ideas than Neilson himself — spent most of that evening on the long-distance phone trying to persuade Congress to make the world safe for the atom bomb and the bomb for the world, he had managed between calls to say one or two Shapleian things of the sort that always made Neilson chuckle.

It was a good evening which led Neilson to reminiscence in the station about the days, fifteen years ago, when he and Christian Gauss, Will Howe, John Finley, Dean Woodbridge and others had founded this magazine. Those early days of the SCHOLAR I know only at second hand, yet I seem to remember them well, for after each meeting he used to talk to me about them, so that somehow those dinners became in my mind a sort of Mermaid Tavern:

> What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtile flame
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest. . . .

As I write about him, phrases from the Elizabethans keep coming to my mind, for he was himself a belated Elizabethan. I do not mean only that he was an Elizabethan scholar, though he was that of course. He edited Shakespeare; he taught the period to generations of students. The last formal class he ever conducted was a graduate seminar in Elizabethan literature at Smith College, which he relinquished reluctantly when his duties became too heavy and his absences too frequent. "Dean," he said to me, "when the time comes that young graduate students are more up-to-date on 'discoveries' and 'recent scholarship' than the professor, it's time the professor got out." But he remained, as he had always been, an Elizabethan in his immense zest for life, his gusto, his vitality, his exuberant personality. He seemed to me the last of those Renaissance men who knew everything.

I should, I suppose, write a judicious appraisal of Neilson the scholar, Neilson the administrator, Neilson the man of public affairs. But all that is being done by others. Tributes have poured into the college and to his family; "minutes" and "resolutions" will be written for months. I am writing about him personally, in part for Smith alumnae who knew him in Northampton but not abroad, in part for those who sat with him upon such boards as that of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, who knew him abroad but not at home. Most of all I am writing because of my pleasure in remembering the years during which I was privileged to work with him so closely.

Well as I knew Neilson in Northampton — and I saw him every day for more than a decade except when one or the other of us was "on the road" — I remember best the many occasions when we went off together on trips for the college. Sometimes we went by train, more often, when the distances were not too great, by car. On those trips I was the chauffeur, and Neilson sat beside me smoking his interminable cigars. Paradoxically — he was a creature of paradox — he had a car and he had a driver's license, but he never drove. I well remember the period when he earned that license with sweat and tears. He had no mechanical ability, and, so far as I could tell, was quite devoid of the sense of rhythm and timing necessary for a good driver. That lack always seemed to me strange, because his sense of rhythm and timing in other aspects of life was so nearly perfect. For some reason — I suspect it was the Scotch Presbyterian in him coming out — he felt it his duty to learn to drive because he had bought a car.

I remember one afternoon in early summer when I saw him in the deserted quadrangle — one of the world's worst places to practice — grimly piloting his car around the curves. It was not a hot day, but he was sweating like a wampus, whatever a wampus

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may be. I hailed him, but with an instinct for self-preservation, leaped to the greensward before he stopped.

"What on earth are you doing?" I asked.

"Dean," he said, "I'll learn to drive this thing and I'll get my license if it kills me, but when I do," he savagely loosened his collar, "I'll be darned if I ever touch the wheel of a car again."

Members of our faculty who did not know us well used to say to me, "How nice that you and the President go off on so many trips together! It must give you such a good chance to talk over college affairs." They little knew. Rarely did we speak of Smith College on those trips. We might spend our time arguing about Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon. Sometimes he would spend a whole day talking about Masson's lectures on Milton at Edinburgh, which he recalled with a combination of respect and amusement. Perhaps our conversation might be about Neilson's experiences at Bryn Mawr or Columbia, or about our many acquaintances in the academic world. During the years when he was editor-in-chief of Webster's Dictionary, I heard about his work over at Springfield, where he spent every Tuesday morning. He seldom came back from those weekly visits without something of interest, whether a previously unnoticed derivation, a new tendency in pronunciation, another "expert" called in on a technical problem. I learned more philology from him than ever I learned in a graduate school.

Most often his talk was of Harvard, for Neilson was as loyal a Harvard man as if he had been born to the crimson. One of the great pleasures of his last years was his election to the Harvard Board of Overseers. He would talk at length of earlier Harvard professors whom I had not known. He often spoke about President Eliot, sometimes in connection with the "Five Foot Bookshelf," sometimes about his own opposition to Eliot because he stayed too long.

"Dean," he would say abruptly, "don't let me stay too long. It was easy to talk when I was young, but as I get on, I know there is a great temptation to stay in harness. It's hard to lay down the reins, hard not to finish the story."

This became a reiterated motif in his later years. When he and I attended the funeral of Ellen Pendleton at Wellesley, he said again, "She stayed too long for her own strength. Don't let me stay too long."

He didn't stay too long at Smith — not long enough for any of us. To be sure, he put off his retirement for a year or two after the date he had originally settled upon, in part because of the immense pressure of trustees, faculty, alumnae; in part, because his younger daughter was in the Class of 1938, and, with true Scottish sentimentality, he wanted to give her her diploma. Yet he was still to have nearly seven years of activity. They were good years for him, and invaluable to the many organizations to which he devoted his efforts.

On those trips I came to realize the extent to which Neilson of Smith, a very loyal American, always remained Neilson of Scotland. Scots are good colonials, and Neilson settled down happily, at first in Canada, then in the States. He did not wish to return to Scotland to live. All the living members of his family were in this country: "Mr. Bob," his older brother who died a few years ago in Orange, Connecticut, "Miss Lizzie," and "Miss Jean," his sisters, who lived with "Mr. Bob." Yet he was never more proud than when Edinburgh called him back for an honorary degree, the regalia of which added much to the somewhat sombre academic processions at Smith College. What graduate will ever forget that gaudy red robe which so became him, the velvet cap, which worn at his own rakish angle, made him look still more like Mephistopheles?

Little by little I learned a great deal about his early life, though he was never one to unlock his heart or wear it on his sleeve. His mother, whose picture he showed me more than once, looked as I had always imagined Barrie's Margaret Ogilvy. He had begun his "professional career," I remember, at the age of ten, when he substituted for his father, the local schoolmaster. I learned from casual remarks that he had lived on a pittance when he attended the University. One day as we started off on a trip he was irritable because Smith students were demanding some privilege, which they undoubtedly

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called a *right*. This was in the period of inflation when America was at the high.

"Dean," he said suddenly, "did I ever tell you that when I was at the University, 'Meal Monday' still meant something?"

I knew "Meal Monday" only as an Edinburgh holiday, but I had learned to wait.

"On 'Meal Mondays'," he said, "the 'members of the University' — as I suppose our privileged brothers at Oxford and Cambridge would say — went home to get the bags of meal on which they lived during the next term. They walked home and they walked back. I was more fortunate than many of my generation." For a time there was silence; then he said abruptly: "Eleven of my classmates died of tuberculosis; actually, if you put it bluntly, they died of malnutrition. These girls have enough and too much. I won't have it."

I have forgotten now what he would not have, but I am willing to take my oath they did not get it. Not for nothing did we call him "Willy Nilly."

Because I was a Scot, though at a generation removed, he often let himself relapse into the vernacular with me. Ordinarily, except for the slight burr he never lost, his speech was the purest English, but when he was reminiscing, it could become so broad that I had difficulty understanding him. "Degenerate woman," he would tease me, "you whose grandfather had the Gaelic!" But his lapses into the vulgate with me were nothing compared with the conversations I heard him carry on when Sir Herbert Grierson was a visiting professor at Smith College. The two men had been at Edinburgh at about the same time, though Grierson, I think, was slightly senior to Neilson. Those conversations you could have cut with a butter knife — but it was the very best butter!

Neilson was a lowlander, and it both amused and touched me to see that sometimes he was on the defensive with highlanders. He need not have worried. Where *that* Macgregor sat was always the head of the table! I remember how he used to squirm with acute discomfort when Americans insisted on signing "Auld Lang Syne"; it was not our sentiment but our accent which offended him. When any of his colleagues taught the Romantic poets, Neilson could be depended upon to come to our classes and read Burns — if only to save the Scottish bard from the blasphemies to which we subjected him. Only recently did I learn that during his Columbia days his nickname was always "Burns."

The fact that Neilson was and remained a Scot throws some light, I believe, upon two important matters. When he was appointed to the Smith presidency, many of his academic colleagues wagged their heads, saying that he was a professor and not a businessman. Neilson surprised them, as he amazed his trustees. Not only did he balance the budget even during the Depression, but he made money for the college. His finance committee found in him no rubber stamp, but a shrewd business manager. He had a sense for finance which, had he chosen to use it for personal ends, might have enabled him to die a millionaire instead of the recipient of the sadly depleted Carnegie pension.

I do not discount his remarkable business acumen when I say that the real secret of his success as the business head of a college lay in his un-American sense of *thrift*. Generous to a fault with his family and friends, the Abou ben Adhem of our community in contributions to charities, he probably never balanced his personal budget. Yet profligate though he was with his own income, he saved the college pennies whenever he could. A story which illustrates this virtue is one about which he loved to tease his sisters. Upon one occasion, driving from New Haven to Northampton the sister "bated at noon," as Milton would say, when they noticed the road sign of a famous New England inn. They went in; they looked at the menu; they came out, still hungry, and climbed upon stools in the local drugstore, where they satisfied the pangs of nature, murmuring, "Something nearer thruppence!"

"Something nearer thruppence!" That was Neilson's motto. He would spare no expense when it came to important developments. But he never adopted qualities of the typical busy executive of American movies and stories. Not for him a telegram if a

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three-cent stamp would do — as it usually will. Not for him the long-distance telephone except in emergencies. When he was abroad — he used to go to Europe nearly every year in the old days — I sometimes needed to communicate with him on matters of importance. You may be sure I justified a cable in my own mind before I sent it. Once I remember getting back a message so terse — because he was counting the words — that I was not sure of his meaning. I did not send another cable to find out!

He hated extravagance as much as waste. He would not have the president's office redecorated and refurnished, though it was shabby enough; we had to put pressure upon him to order a more comfortable chair, though nearly every office in College Hall was better equipped than his. He teased the President of Wellesley (I think this was still in Miss Pendleton's time) when the new Administration Building was opened, and he found himself entering through an elaborate series of offices "into the presence," as he said. On that occasion, I remember, he and I had gone to Wellesley by train; when we were ready to start back, our hostess was disturbed to find that we were casually taking an accommodation train that had no Pullman. "We're doing it on purpose," he told her. "The Dean and I must make the descent to Avernus one way or another, and the day coach will help us get used to living at Smith again!"

Often Neilson and I waited for over two hours in the Springfield station when we missed a Northampton connection. For reasons far beyond anyone's comprehension, our little local train made a point of pulling out three minutes before the express arrived from Chicago or St. Louis. Once when we were sitting in the station, having arrived on the Southwestern Limited to find the "dinky" gone, Neilson looked up from his book.

"Dean," he said, "we're a pair of obstinate fools. When you think what our time is supposed to be worth, it's hard to justify our spending two hours here because we won't pay seven dollars for a taxi to Northampton."

My favorite story about his feeling against extravagance has to do with Yale. As he was a Harvard man, I was a Yale woman, and he loved to tease me about my "Alma Pater." Before the Sterling Library at Yale was opened, Neilson went down to see it. I had so often insulted him about *his* Widener Library that he could hardly wait to get back to Northampton to insult me about *my* Sterling Library. He dropped into my house, as so often, using my back door which he passed on the way home, to tell me about the spacious halls of Yale. A special kind of stone had been ordered for the main entrance, he said, because regular marble wasn't expensive enough to use up the whole sum of the gift.

"It's grand," he declared. "Of course the library attendants must wear choir robes and carry censers, sprinkling incense before the readers, who should wear academic dress. To be sure, they're worried about operating the place; they'll probably have to close up at four o'clock because they can't afford light and heat. It cost six million dollars, your new library down at Yale. When I'd looked it all over, I said to the President, 'Well, Angell, you haven't done so badly. You've managed to build a building with the whole endowment of Smith College, on which I annually educate two thousand young women — and educate them pretty darned well!' "

As his Scottish characteristics were to be seen in his business acumen, so, I think, his racial background was in part responsible for the toleration and liberalism of which so much has been rightly said. He was, as everyone knows, one of the great liberals of his generation, a stalwart champion of the underprivileged, of all racial minorities. He always stood out against restrictions which had to do with race, creed, color. I well remember a meeting of a group of college administrators at which the agenda called for a discussion of quotas. All colleges had been asked to submit figures covering a period of years. Neilson's quick eyes ran over one set of statistics; then he turned to the President.

"Is it," he asked with characteristic irony, "by chance, coincidence, luck or Special Providence that the Jewish applications at your college have remained for seven years at exactly seven per cent and that you have never had a Negro applicant?"

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Only a week before he died, one of my former colleagues was discussing the whole problem with him. After he had had his say, she remarked, "Mr. Neilson, you are without doubt the most tolerant person I have ever known."

He hesitated, then replied with his usual humility, "If I am, it's because I was a Scot before I was an American. Scots don't talk much about democracy, because they are really democratic. Scots don't have racial prejudices, because they don't have racial problems of the sort you have in America. Of course" — the twinkle appeared for a moment — "Scots don't like the English! But I never knew anything about Jewish or Negro problems in my youth, and so I never developed the kind of prejudice which surprised me so much in America."

"But," my colleague pursued, "your attitude is different from the intellectual and abstract 'theory' of toleration one often finds. You really *haven't* any race-prejudice, have you?"

"No," he replied, "I can't remember ever feeling any prejudice against a race or a group. I guess it's because I think of them not as tribes but as people, and you know I like people." That was Neilson in a nutshell — he *liked people*.

He was ever a fighter for his principles. In his stand on the Sacco-Vanzetti case he opposed some of his staff and a large majority of his townsmen. He was frequently criticized for making so many appointments of "foreigners" to the faculty. As the situation in Europe became more and more acute, he incurred opposition by opening our doors to many refugees. I do not mean to imply that he encountered widespread opposition in the college itself on these matters, for our faculty as a group was liberal, tolerant and democratic, and the majority were in agreement with Neilson's principles and policies on all these matters. There were occasional malcontents among the faculty and more among the alumnae, yet Neilson stuck to his guns on these matters as he did in his persistent stand on the perennially difficult issue of "academic freedom." I well remember those periods when the local postman used to make special trips to College Hall, loaded down with fat bags of letters which were certainly not "fan mail"!

Much of Neilson's life at Smith College was spent in attempts to convey to students his own ardent feeling for liberalism, democracy, toleration. More and more these became the themes of his "chapel talks," famous among many generations of students. For several years after I began my work with him, chapel was held every day, and Neilson often spoke four or five times a week. During the last years, after a college chaplain had been appointed, he spoke every Monday morning.

Neilson was the most consistently satisfactory public speaker I have ever heard, and one of the finest. To be sure, the greatest of Winston Churchill's speeches surpassed the best of Neilson's, because the provocation was greater; apart from that Neilson was, I think, Churchill's equal. As public speakers, they had much in common. Both had high regard for the English language and used it superbly. Both had great feeling for the sound as well as for the sense of their phrases. They could play upon the emotions as well as upon the intellect, could adjust themselves to the mood of the audience they found. Both had that sense of "theatre" essential in great public speakers. Each had a happy sense of exit, never talking overlong, stopping just when the audience was most eager that he continue.

I never heard Neilson give a poor speech; I often heard him give a magnificent one. Ordinarily he spoke without a manuscript and usually without notes. Indeed he was the *bête noire* of publicity directors, for he would not send a manuscript in advance. "Publicity," he would say impatiently, "it's the curse of our time and is having a pernicious influence upon public speaking. How do I know what kind of audience I'm going to face six weeks from Tuesday? I have to wait and size them up before I'm sure just what I'm going to say." Even his most formal speeches seemed to come so easily that many of his audience were unaware of the hours of thought that lay behind them, and perhaps did not sufficiently appreciate the art and craft which went to make him the superb speaker he was.

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Only one kind of talk ever bothered him — the "vesper sermon" which he had to give twice a year. On such occasions he was always ill at ease, though he never showed it. It was not because this was a "sermon," for Scots are natural born preachers. His restlessness was the result of his realization that he was the first lay-president of the college and that the earlier trustees — and many of the older members of our faculty — had doubted his ability to "lead" Smith students in their religious life. Those doubting Thomases need not have feared: chapel continued at Smith, without compulsion, long after it was dead or dying at neighboring institutions. It continued because of Neilson. Generations of Smith students of all denominations came to know the Bible as living literature as they heard him read it, day after day. It used to amuse me to see that visiting ministers often insisted on having a marker placed in the "lesson" they had chosen from the Scriptures, while Neilson the layman, Neilson the "suspect," never bothered about markers, secure in his knowledge of that great Book, which he loved even more than he loved Shakespeare and Chaucer and Milton.

Phrases from both the Old and the New Testaments, I know, still echo in the minds of his students — Protestant, Catholic, Jewish. They listened eagerly for his first words, knowing that the passage he had chosen for the day's "lesson" would give them a clue to the "sermon" that would follow. "Let us now praise famous men": Smith alumnae will never forget that familiar prologue to the anniversary of a great leader, as they will not forget Neilson's reading on Lincoln's birthday of Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!"

Yet if, on the anniversary of a great man, he praised the king and counselors who sit in the seats of the mighty, he was likely to remember at the next chapel those nameless sons — and daughters — of Martha, who have left no memorial, yet who now, as in Biblical times, "maintain the fabric of the world" — for in their work is their strength.

Again and again he led services for our college dead. Whenever one of our members had died ripe with years, Neilson read the Ninetieth Psalm. Only once have I heard his reading of that great utterance on human mortality equalled. At his funeral, his successor spoke those words over his coffin. Had anyone read them less perfectly, it would have been unbearable; as President Davis said them, they were reminiscent, poignant, comforting.

Neilson's range in his chapel talks was extraordinary. Upon occasion he could be Moses, Jeremiah or Isaiah, Lewis Carroll or W. S. Gilbert. He could cajole, tease, scold, reprove, encourage, praise, exhort. He might take a text anywhere. One morning he would turn from Proverbs — "Hast thou a word in thy throat? Hold it. It will not choke thee," — to a diatribe on student gossip, satirical as Pope or Swift. On another morning he might use as text a sentence from Dorothy Sayers' *Gaudy Night*, "Three years of your life which ought to be different." He had been visiting dormitories with the superintendent of grounds to see what changes were essential, and had been depressed by finding many students playing bridge in the afternoon.

"College is a place to grow up in," he announced abruptly on another occasion, when he delivered one of the finest defenses I have ever heard of the American liberal arts college, with its emphasis upon the whole personality of the student rather than merely upon professional training. In that sentence was contained much of Neilson's philosophy of education. The primary function of a college was the training of the mind; Neilson the intellectual never discounted that. But Neilson the educator did not believe that this was the sole object of an American college. He never forgot that students are adolescents: "You come to us children, you leave us young women — even qualified voters," he used to say.

He wanted his graduates to be well-rounded women, whose college experience had made them more capable of seeing and thinking clearly, of applying to everyday modern life the wisdom they had gained from great thinkers of the past. If he was sometimes discouraged when he came back from visits to alumnae clubs, wondering what had happened to those alert and eager young minds he had seen unfolding before him, he

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still believed that the college had an important function, that it was a place in which students "grew up."

Yet he refused to take the whole responsibility for the process. College years are built upon the years of youth, and no college can produce a complete transformation of personality. I well remember his reply to one irate mother who wished to lay upon the college all the responsibility for the shortcomings of her daughter, who had not "grown up" well in our community. "Madam," he said, "you had your daughter for eighteen years; I have had her for eighteen months. Which of us is responsible?"

During the latter years, when he spoke only at Monday chapel — and occasionally at Wednesday assembly — the students missed something of his vast range. They did not know their president as well as earlier students had known him, for they did not see him in all his moods. Theirs was a more serious president, for as the clouds grew darker over Europe, Neilson devoted more and more of his chapel talks to international affairs. He did his best to make the younger generation realize that a day of reckoning was coming.

It was not Neilson's fault if war caught any Smith alumna of his generation unprepared. For years he did his best to chart the course of Europe and America and the Orient. A pacifist at heart, he spent the years of the '30's attempting to make his students averse to war, and indeed, we had a great wave of student pacifism at that time. But Neilson knew it was only an intellectual pacifism, a youthful adherence to a cause which was not yet real to those who espoused it. "They'll send the white feather to their young men," he used to say, "just as the generation before them did." Nothing in their experience had prepared that generation for what happened to them. Born when war seemed already a thing of the past, they had grown up in abnormal times: they spent their childhood in a period of abnormal inflation, their youth in a period of abnormal depression.

He knew he was fighting for a cause already lost, but he was ever a fighter, and he doubled his efforts as the lights began to go out in Europe. During those last years at Smith, he was a much more somber president than in the earlier days when he had been all fire and spirit, when he had bubbled over to his students and they knew him for the myriad-minded man he was.

Those were happy days — brief years between two periods of war, when he could laugh and tease and cajole, rather than exhort and instruct — happy for him, happy for us. During those years he did his best work for the college, less distracted than he afterwards became by outside activities in international relations and on racial problems. He had taken on the presidency of Smith when women's colleges were, if not entirely disparaged as "finishing schools," somewhat overlooked in the total picture of American education. During his administration, Smith College took its proper place in the sun. Whatever he found it — that was before my time — he left it on a par with leading universities of the country.

Indeed, under Neilson, Smith had always a "university" rather than a "college" flavor — if the tastes are different, as I think they are. He raised the standards of entrance and graduation until many alumnae protested. He reformed the curriculum more than once, attempting to find a true basis for what is now called "general education." He expanded the work in art and music, both of which he believed as legitimate parts of a liberal arts curriculum as work in literature or history. He inaugurated the "Special Honors" program for superior students — protested by many alumnae but loved by the students who followed it — by which we turned out B.A.'s on a par with M.A.'s in many institutions. He constantly emphasized "scholarship" in his talks to students, though he knew that the number of women who will ever proceed with "scholarship" will always be limited. That did not deter him from preaching the scholars' gospel. He believed that basic attitudes of scholarship may and should be carried over into everyday life.

With one kind of "scholarship" alone he had no sympathy. He hated pedantry as he hated other forms of ostentation and display. If our students learned nothing else from

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him, they learned, I hope, to carry their learning lightly. The best of them wore their rue with a difference, for the acquirement of highest honors at Smith was fun and excitement in Neilson's day.

Ardent though he was for women's rights, Neilson always insisted on a balanced faculty of men and women at Smith College. Coeducationally trained myself, I liked to tease him by telling him that he was a coeducationalist at heart. When Harvard introduced coeducation — though Harvard still denies it — he thought it a salutary change. His policy in regard to the faculty at Smith College was clear enough to me, though it was often misunderstood by my women colleagues. Men were promoted at Smith more rapidly than women. That, I believe, is inevitable since a man has more "market value" than a woman. Even first-rate women on a women's college faculty usually expect to spend their lives in one place, but men do not, and, because of frequent calls from outside, they go up more rapidly.

Neilson had a well-defined policy about men at a women's college: "Get them young; get the best ten or fifteen years of their teaching and research; then let them go reluctantly, for women's colleges cannot compete with men's colleges or with coeducational universities. Their endowments are too low, since most wealthy women" — I can still hear his ironic voice — "insist on leaving their money to their husbands' colleges, rather than to their own."

The roster of Neilson's "faculty graduates" is a distinguished one. Many men who served us well for ten to fifteen years are scattered all over the land. Wherever they are, whatever their salaries, I know that many of them look back to those years they spent under Neilson's liberal administration as the happiest period of their academic lives.

I have called him "Neilson of Smith." So he will go down in academic history. If posterity writes no other epitaph, he will be content, for he fulfilled himself at Smith and deliberately chose to stay there. Yet a women's college, no matter how good — and he made Smith very good — did not offer the fullest scope for his great abilities. Last year I was told that some eighty American institutions, large and small, were seeking presidents. They found much "lumber" but far too little presidential "timber." Neilson was seasoned timber, the greatest college president, I believe, of his time. I have sometimes resented the fact that many alumnae took for granted that he remained at Smith because he had reached the *ne plus ultra* of all careers. That of course is not true. Neilson knew his abilities, as he knew his limitations, and he was quite aware that he could have fulfilled himself even more completely had the scope of his activities been greater. But I have done him less than justice if I have not indicated that his principles always came before his preferences. The reason he did not accept the presidency of a great university was a simple one. He disapproved profoundly of our American emphasis upon extra-mural athletics, our tendency to exalt the football coach above the professor. He would not accept the presidency of any institution committed to an extensive athletic program.

I confess that I have often wondered what would have happened had the Harvard presidency fallen vacant when he was younger. Many of us remember his wry smile when he read a clipping from a Boston newspaper, at the time reporters were guessing about the succession. After a long list of imposing names, the writer added: "There is also the able but aged President of Smith." Knowing him as I did, I believe he would have stuck to his guns even in the case of Harvard, but I am glad he did not have to make that particular choice.

So far I have described him, as most of us will remember him, as if he had been a paragon of all the virtues. But his quizzical eye is upon me. He would not wish to be embalmed and treasured up to posterity as a glorified mummy. In that minor classic which William Allen White wrote many years ago about his dead daughter, he said, "She was as full of faults as an old shoe and just as comfortable." Neilson had no aura of saintly perfection; he had plenty of faults, but like young Mary White, he was a most comfortable person to live with. He had his little vanities. For example, he was always sensitive about his height. Not under the

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average masculine stature, he was only a little above it, and as he grew older he stooped so that he seemed shorter than he was. He hated to be paired in academic processions with tall men or women, and would go out of his way to rearrange the line of march when he could.

He liked praise, even adulation, for, as he liked people, he wanted people to like him. His successor was somewhat appalled when, at the time of his appointment, he received a telegram from the Alumnae Association saying, "Twenty-two thousand women welcome you." Neilson could take twenty-two thousand women in his stride, even when at his last Commencement they threw before him hundreds of paper hearts, symbolic of the place he held in their affection. Like all great men, he was a bit of an exhibitionist. Many a man would have quailed at that Ivy Day custom at Smith College, when the President walked down the long path between lines of cheering alumnae to meet still another group of women, the seniors and juniors. But Neilson ran the gauntlet jauntily, with a gay smile and a wave of his hand. Actually he loved the occasion.

Others of his "faults" could have been much more serious. I told him more than once that he had the strongest sense of mercy I had ever known, but not so marked a sense of justice. His quality of mercy was never strained. He was so kindly, so human, that if someone wept on his shoulder — and it was frequently mildewed! — he was likely to capitulate, forgetting an analogous case of another member of the staff who had been more restrained. For a seasoned administrator, he remained curiously innocent, peculiarly unsuspicious of human motives. I came to realize that he was not a very good judge of people, often overestimating them when he made appointments, excusing them when they did not live up to his expectations, attributing to chance or circumstance the failure of some he had appointed with enthusiasm. As a member of various fellowship and scholarship boards outside the college, I found that his recommendations were not dependable. They always erred on the side of praise. I do not remember ever seeing a really adverse criticism.

Even more serious was another "fault" — if you wish to call it so. Ardent as he was for the causes to which he devoted his efforts, he did not always discriminate between just and less just causes, and he sometimes fought doggedly and even obstinately for a cause or a person not worth his defense. I said to him once: "You are so ardent for the underdog that you will never believe that an underdog can be a yellow dog." But these "faults" were only the defects of his great qualities. Had he been less kindly, more suspicious of human beings, less ardent for lost causes, he would not have been the great personality we shall always remember. We are richer in humanity, perhaps, because of his faults than because of his undoubted virtues.

Nothing in his life more became him than the leaving of it. I am back to the Elizabethans, as I knew I should be. As I have said, he had a happy sense of exit, never speaking too long, never staying long enough. He was always among the first to leave a party, just when everyone most wanted him to stay. As if by the sheer force of personality, he seemed to control even destiny. The end came swiftly, as he would have wished. As always, before he started on a trip, he had cleaned up his desk. The day before he was taken ill he had written the last words of the *History of Smith College*, on which he had been engaged since his retirement. In another way, too, it almost seemed as if he had deliberately chosen the time of his departure.

Neilson always hated to give people trouble; he would not have wished his trustees and alumnae to disturb their schedules, to take long trips to attend his funeral. And so he slipped away while all the trustees and alumnae officers were in Northampton for their regular midwinter meeting. As I sat in the hall in which I had heard him talk morning after morning, during so many years, and thought of that campus, much of which he had planned with eagerness and affection; as I watched the men and women he had chosen to help him build a great college — I could feel no regret for him. My sadness was only for those of us who are left without him. He had fought the good fight, he had finished his work. He had lived a rich, full,

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rewarding, and a happy life. Over the casket where lay that good grey head that all men knew, someone should have spoken words which he had often read over others who did not merit them so fully:

> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

"When a great man dies," his countryman James Barrie wrote in his tribute to George Meredith, "the immortals wait for him at the top of the nearest hill." What a goodly fellowship must have waited for Neilson that night on the summit of Mount Tom, our little peak above Paradise Pond, which on clear days seems almost in the President's front yard. Neilson had lived beyond the Biblical three score years, even by virtue of strength beyond three score and ten, and many he had loved had gone before him. The immortals who swarmed down our easy mountain pass that night were not Plato and Aristotle, Homer and Virgil. Even Neilson would have been ill at ease with those highlanders! These were lesser fry, men he had missed during his last years as they must have missed him, waiting eagerly for reunion.

Neilson always boasted that, because of his long experience with a feminine community, he could seat two ladies at table at once. All of us who knew him well remember how he could greet two friends at once, his right hand extended to one with that quick firm clasp, his left arm about the shoulders of another. I like to think that, as his spirit went up Mount Tom that night, one hand reached out to John Finley, one arm was for a moment across Dean Woodbridge's shoulders. Woodbridge had his persistent pipe, Neilson, with a last chuckle at the doctors he need never mind again, lighted one of his interminable cigars. And what "grand clacks" they're having now, those three great men and great conversationalists, in some other Mermaid Tavern in the empyrean!

> No pyramids set off his memories,
> But the eternal substance of his greatness, —
> To which I leave him.

In the Winter Issue . . .

The AMERICAN SCHOLAR GALLERY will present next a portrait of Alfred North Whitehead by Theodore Spencer.

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The American Scholar Forum

This symposium of editors of leading quarterlies was planned in the hope of mutual enlightenment and in the certainty of mutual sympathy. Originally, three questions were proposed as a basis for discussion (see the article by Delmore Schwartz). Later, it was decided to allow each contributor to choose his own approach.

Since there is considerable variety of scope and interest in American quarterlies, we had hoped for a wider representation. The editors of the Virginia Quarterly Review *and the* Yale Review *were invited to contribute, but declined. The editors of the* American Scientist *and the* Sewanee Review *hoped to contribute, but at the last minute were unable to do so. Hence the final symposium is shorter than we had anticipated.*

Otherwise, it is satisfactory in every way to the editors of The American Scholar. *Three distinguished editors of three leading American quarterlies speak their minds plainly and effectively in the following pages. Their problems and attitudes differ, but there are still constants that run through the three, and we are sure that those of Mr. Schwartz's fully literate ten thousand who read these pieces will feel rewarded.*

It is our hope to print a summarizing critique of this discussion in the Winter Number of The American Scholar. *(Editor)*

THE MISERY AND NECESSITY OF THE QUARTERLY

These Little Magazines

John Crowe Ransom

I incline to think that, after all, we editors will not be describing our sort of periodical badly if we accept the name of Little Magazines with all its implications — though I suppose it did not originate in an honorific intention. The noun will do because our content is various in its spread and sizeable for having accumulated over a comfortable interval. The adjective refers to financial rating, and is apt because in our project the dominant impulse is the editorial or literary one, and the business drive, which an editor will regard as an unhappy diversion of his attention, need be of the strength to operate only a small business. Our operating deficits are honorable, being inherent in the circumstances of the case, if not exactly according to plan.

A little magazine, if it is very good, is altogether likely to establish itself for a "run" of at least some years. Perhaps the common formula goes somewhat as follows. Very soon the good little magazine achieves a circulation in four figures and runs well beyond its income. But at that stage it has so much public importance that it is obviously worthy of some philanthropy, whether personal or institutional, which will close the gap between earnings and expense. To be an editor is of course to worry a good deal about budget.

© JOHN CROWE RANSOM, distinguished critic, is the editor of the *Kenyon Review*, which is now in its eighth year.

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But these periodicals of ours are like bright poor boys at college: they will squeeze through financially if they can keep up performance. Of course the new editor might be very much helped if there were available to him a booklet of funded wisdom about the business conduct of little magazines, and the publication of such a booklet would be a pretty piece of philanthropy. But in the long run the proper editor will help himself, because the same patience, scruple and good sense which condition his achievement as a man of letters can be transferred to business to the extent of making him reasonably effective there also.

The little magazine should have a certain decent minimum of circulation — something in four figures was my proposition — in order to be a real literary force. But it would be ridiculous if presently, flushed with a moderate success, and importuned by its partisan readers and its not very knowing business backers, it should be making all-out efforts to increase circulation further, and indefinitely. As if it wanted to be a big magazine! If they share this aspiration the editors have become opportunists and their editorial virtue is gone. The big magazines doubtless have their qualities, but they cannot possibly have the one which is peculiar to the little magazine.

I should define this quality as handsomely, or ideally, as possible. The editorial impulse of the little magazine arises from its location at some center — whether geographical or intellectual — where there is a cluster of creative ideas to radiate outwards; the magazine becomes the medium of this radiation. The ideas may in part of course take the primary forms of literature, such as verse and fiction; but also, and perhaps chiefly, they will take a reflective form in critical and aesthetic writings. (Our little magazines for the most part are "Reviews.") In either case it is the quality of these pieces that they come straight from the new insights and are radical, that is to say original, rather than conventional.

Now a literary tradition signifies that it is still alive by undergoing continual "transformations," and passing through fresh "movements"; and in a loose entrepreneur society like ours at the present time, it might be expected that the inner history of these movements would be recorded rather fully in little magazines. The most telling opposition against the innovations would be recorded there too. Literary movements are not supposed to realize themselves without resistance, and for the resistance as well as the change, the little magazine will offer the real or critical defense. Many of the shifts of literature prove to have been misguided, and have to be painfully and almost completely retraced after their initial frenzy, and it is as much to the credit of the little magazines to have resisted these as to have gone along with happier movements.

It is inevitable that I should remark: for the little magazines, fit audience though few. The readers must be capable of the same radical insights as the editors and contributors. By intention if not eventually in act, the readers *are* the contributors. And suppose now that the big magazines, nettled by the boastful tone of some little magazines, should propose to publish the same sort of pieces. They could easily bid up the price till the little magazines could not buy them and would go out of business. The little magazines would not then be missed. But the big magazines would head rapidly in the direction of becoming little magazines, and that too would be ridiculous. So it behooves the little magazines to make a virtue of their littleness and the big ones to take what comfort they may — which in this world is much — from their bigness. There is no real competition between them.

I have heard it remarked, and it suits with my own impression, that at no time in our literary tradition has there been so high a birth rate among little magazines as now, and it is gratifying. But another consideration goes with that one: at no time has there been so high a mortality as there will be presently. And it should not be in the least depressing. For even the good little magazines do not live long, and we are quite habituated to that fact. When the editorial impulse is spent it seems altogether a mistaken piety to try to "keep the magazine alive," as if there were a virtue in the business. It is time then to let nature take its course.

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An Audience for Standards

Paul Bixler

Among my editorial souvenirs of recent date are two letters. One of them, from a popular magazine for young women, enclosed a questionnaire. The "Job Editor" of this journal wanted to know what positions in our "organization" were most accessible to girls with no editorial experience. What were our salary ranges, and what "more advanced jobs" might they hope for? Should girls acquire experience on "small magazines, employee publications or what"? And did we have any young and attractive women holding responsible positions on our magazine? As I read the several questions, I blushed with frustration.

It happens that the social and economic position of women is one of the subjects of serious interest to the *Antioch Review*. I think I might even sell my fellow editors on a critical account of the rise of the young woman's magazine. (It's an interesting story.) But answer the questionnaire I could not. Our "staff" includes two women, my secretary and a faculty wife. Both work for the magazine on a part-time basis, and neither could survive were she not subsidized from other sources.

The other letter seemed even more misguided (as sent to the *Antioch Review*) and therefore funnier. A Chicago firm offered to sell us, for $100, a compilation of the financial records of seven top magazine publishers for the years 1936–1942. The purpose? So that we could use it as an exhibit when we file claims, under section 722 of the Revenue Act of 1942, for general relief of excess profits taxes! (The perfect touch was the $100. For that sum I could go out and get perhaps fifty new subscribers — no mean result!)

PAUL BIXLER is chairman of the editorial board of *The Antioch Review* and librarian at Antioch College. Several of his articles have been published in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, and his book reviews have recently appeared with some regularity in the *Chicago Sun*.

As an editor with hunched-over shoulders and a crick in his back resulting from frequent tugs at his own bootstraps, I suppose I should get used to this sort of thing. But I do not, and when I discover an intimation or an indication that our magazine is to be classed as what one of our would-be contributors once described as a "little mag," I cringe (and not simply from the overfamiliarity of a colloquialism).

Is the small quarterly, necessarily or in fact, a little magazine? Recent documentation from an authoritative quarter, *The Little Magazine* by Frederick Hoffman, Charles Allen and Carolyn Ulrich, affirms that it is not. In this interesting book, more than a third of whose 440 pages are given over to a bibliography of little magazines, the *Partisan Review* is treated as a one-time little magazine that has, after an unfamiliar way of speaking, "made good"; the *Virginia Quarterly* and the *Kenyon Review* are specifically exempted from the classification; and the *American Scholar*, the *Antioch Review* and the *American Scientist* are not even mentioned.

The Hoffman-Allen-Ulrich thesis may be paraphrased somewhat like this: the little magazine is conceived in sin — the American economic sin of poverty. It never pays its own way, and it lives constantly on the edge of disaster (i.e., under threat of losing its subsidy or its angel). It is founded upon a fresh or strange idea, either literary or social — though it may at any time trade in its first idea for a still later one. It publishes the work of unknowns, and often the work of known but unpopular writers. It pays its contributors little or nothing. The one or two people or the tiny group who make up its personnel remain on through loyalty or a collective enthusiasm which no one but God or an unrequited lover could explain.

Up to this point we might, with an exception or two for particular cases, be describing

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the small quarterly as well as the little magazine. Yet there are differences between the two. The most important difference — and the only one for which I have space here — concerns their audiences, and consequently their standards.

The little magazine is published for a coterie or for an "in" group or for its editors and its contributors. (I remember a distressing moment in the first days of our enterprise when our subscription list seemed remarkably similar to our list of contributors, past, present and "would-be." At that moment, surely, we were "little.") On the other hand, the small quarterly seeks a national and, within its particular sphere, a representative audience. In its own quiet and unpopular way it even tries to win friends and influence people. And it does so although its circulation may be counted only in the hundreds, and although its policy may appear to be regional or specialized. No improvement in finance or circulation — and this sometimes looms as highly important — is ever as great a cause of editorial pleasure and pride as the growing frequency with which its articles are quoted, digested or referred to elsewhere, especially in books of solid worth.

Editors take such references to their quarterly as tangible evidence of success, as a reflection of the sense of responsibility which they feel toward their reading audience. It is a token that they have applied standards of sense and taste to their publication, and as proof that those standards have won appreciation.

The small quarterly may never rise to the 10,000 circulation which every editor knows it could if only there were sufficient funds for operation. It may fall short of its perspectives. But it cannot forget its dual purpose: to give generous space to unknown authors and to unpopular or misunderstood ideas; and at the same time to follow standards of seriousness, of thoughtfulness and even of form. So long as it follows out these purposes, its mission is assured.

An Unpleasant and Important Fact

Delmore Schwartz

Three questions originally proposed as the basis for this symposium have a significant relationship to one another. The third of them — "What is the particular province and contribution of the quarterly to American society today?" would not be asked if the answer to the first were not that the market for the quarterly is very small. No one inquires as to the province of the automobile industry or of the contribution made to medicine by the medical journals. And just as we must admit that the market is small for the literary quarterly, so we must entertain the possibility that the literary quarterly has no province and no contribution to make. If the need for the literary quarterly were felt by publishers, by the universities or any large part of the population, then obviously the quarterly would be supported.

Now we can say in the abstract that a human being can make more of the possibilities of experience if he is familiar with Sophocles, Dostoevsky, James Joyce and Thomas Mann; and it is clear that the knowledge and production of great literature requires the activity of a body of critics who can only function through critical journals. But this is a mere abstraction. The one hundred and forty million human beings who inhabit America are much more interested in the possibilities of experience afforded by a new Buick than in anything made available by serious fiction, poetry and

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literary criticism. It is doubtful that there are ten thousand persons capable of reading contemporary poetry, and certainly the circulation of the literary quarterly seldom comes close to that number, which is one reason for the short life of most critical reviews. The fact that most of the good authors of the past forty years have begun their careers by writing for little reviews and by studying their contents with devotion, has made some impression on publishers—but only at times when the income tax was such that it was possible to give money to a literary review without losing very much. That is to say, excess profits persuade publishers to use editors as talent scouts; and private individuals who have supported literary reviews for a time have also been moved to disinterested generosity by the receipt of excess profits, which would be subject to the income tax if they were not bestowed upon an educational or cultural institution.

The risk of depending upon the good will of the patron can be illustrated by extremes: the man who supported one of the best literary reviews in America is now in an insane asylum; the state official who supported another one was a demagogue who was assassinated, and the man who continued this support turned out to be a thief who had to be put in a penitentiary. This may seem to verge upon melodrama, but the number of literary reviews has been few, and the best that can be said of other patrons is that after a time they turned elsewhere.

As for publishers and the universities, let us conceive of a literary critic visiting a publisher or the president of a university and declaring:

> "In the Greece of Pindar and Sophocles, in the England of Shakespeare, the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative power; society was, in the fullest measure, permeated by fresh thought; and this state of things is the true basis for the creative power's exercise, in this it finds all its data, its materials, truly ready for its hand." Now in our time only the critical review can provide this current of ideas.

The difficulty of saying any such thing as a means of sustaining a literary review or securing its support is an unpleasant and important fact. And yet if the above quotation from Matthew Arnold is true, the only action that can be undertaken by anyone who believes that literature is an essential part of civilization is a solemn repetition of these unpleasant and important facts, however often one may seem to be a high-brow, a crank, an aesthete, a culture snob, or any of the other epithets by means of which the half-educated defend their uneasiness and conceal from themselves their inability to realize the full possibilities of human existence.

In the Winter Issue . . .

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR FORUM will present "Can Government Practice Good Medicine?" Among the contributors to the discussion will be James Bryan and Cyril Solomon.

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UNDER WHATEVER SKY

Irwin Edman

Occasionally, years afterwards, a luncheon or dinner party flashes into the mind. Not only does one recall verbatim some of the best things said, but the whole atmosphere of the occasion comes back vividly. It is not simply that one remembers the very gestures and the tones of voice. Perhaps one cannot recall quite accurately everyone who was there, and research would show, perhaps, that one has forgotten the most notable or interesting person present. But what does remain is a residual temper of the whole occasion, an atom in the memory, a haunting cadence of the past. Sometimes the cadence has an overtone of sadness, now, for there darts painfully across awareness the realization that the personality present who gave the whole dynamic and zest to the evening has been these many years dead, or has long been inaccessibly distant.

It is hard to say precisely what identifies the tone or timbre of a remembered social occasion. Perhaps the whole character of the evening was set off by an initial remark, genial or gemlike, made quite offhandedly over the cocktails. Possibly some felicity in the cuisine, a well-cooked steak, say, or a glass of wine, mellowed and united the spirits of all present. Or perhaps by the rare accidents of social fate, everyone, as we sometimes say, clicked, and the conversation was touched with a communicating warmth, and occasionally with a glint of flame.

Well, I have been trying to explain satisfactorily to myself why I — and I am not alone — remember with such special affection and vivacity the quarterly meetings of the editorial board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Since these columns are to appear in an issue celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of this publication, I cannot refrain from brooding a little in public on the matter. I remember a few epigrams, but they are not perhaps as frequent or as good (considering the notorious intellectual quickness of my colleagues) as I have tended to imagine them. I should like, by the way, to have seen, out of sheer curiosity, a stenographic record of the meeting of some of the great "conversation clubs" of the past — the Saturday Club, for example, in its early days. I wonder whether, blow by blow, the conversation was really as good as legend has it. The quarterly meetings of the editorial board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR are not the Saturday Club in its Olympian Days (nor, I suspect, was the Saturday Club). In any case, the quarterly dinner meetings of our editorial board are not groups met for the express purpose of conversation by self-accredited leading minds. That may be one of the reasons why the conversation has been, I think, so living and so good. These dinner meetings are working meetings — work done in the spirit of play, or play enjoyed to some purpose. It rather sets one up and is good fun, besides. The company of interesting minds at a good dinner and intent on business makes a delightful and unusual combination.

It is true that the assembled editors do not get down to business all at once. We have progressed at times, I seem to remember, as far as the roast chicken without a single decision having been arrived at concerning a manuscript, or a single question raised as to a good subject for the next American Scholar

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Forum. The conversation has roved freely. Everybody has forgotten his speciality and has felt no hesitation in making some easy generalization or raising some critical question about a field on which one can be certain there is present somebody really well informed.

One of the pleasures of the little intellectual commonwealth of these AMERICAN SCHOLAR dinner parties is that all are equals, each special claim to authority forgotten. My colleagues will perhaps forgive this breach of confidence, but it *is* refreshing to hear an eminent journalist pass easy judgments on philosophies, an historian tell how to run a newspaper, and to have an astronomer speak with warmth about matters narrower than celestial distances. Indeed, some of the best comments I have heard on various fields of human interest have, at AMERICAN SCHOLAR dinners, come from the man or woman at the table who was, in a technical sense, speaking out of turn.

For up to the roast chicken — and possibly beyond — the members of this board at their quarterly meetings desert their specialties or leap over the professional fences that separate them from other human interests. They speak as humanists and as human beings, without the caution and hesitancy that cause academic people generally to hesitate to express an opinion on the weather. Indeed, as nearly as I can remember, the humanism and the humanity have lasted sometimes as late as the demi-tasse, and very often, as I like to think the magazine testifies, throughout the evening, straight through discussion of manuscripts and plans.

I suspect one of the reasons that these dinner meetings have lasted very late on occasion is that the assembled editorial board exhibits not only general humanity, but general human weakness. A particular problem of policy, a specific manuscript will be under consideration, when larger problems and more general issues are touched on or implied, and the conversation tends to take the course of civilized meandering. The editors have felt, like Socrates in the Phaedrus, that we are not lawyers who must follow a brief, but philosophers free "to follow an argument wherever it leads."

Once, I recall, there was a consideration of a manuscript which was regarded by some of the editors present as being too topical, too immediate. By the time the article appeared, it was alleged, the article would already have become dated. It would have been too late to be news, too new and raw to be history. The function of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, it was insisted by a member of the board who lived by preference among eternal things, was to canvass deeper and more permanent issues, to be not a newspaper but a more timeless journal of men thinking.

I cannot pretend to recall all the details of the discussion, but there ensued a not too acrimonious — and not too genteel — brief civil war. For fifteen minutes there was brought to the fore one of the deepest clifts in human feeling, between those who feel an urgent responsibility to their own time and immediate issues, and those who feel the paramount obligation of scholars and thinkers to keep alive those themes and issues which outlast any crisis and have the importance of basic, timeless things. Emerson, after whose famous essay, of course, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR is named, would have had sympathy with both camps, and for that matter, save in the pleasant heat of after-dinner argument, so do most of the members of the editorial board. But the night of the discussion which I remember was during the war and both sides felt very deeply — those who felt the war itself was destroying a sense for the permanent in human values, and those who felt that for the time being, the first things which came first were the immediate and terrible urgencies of the war.

In discussion of writing and writers appropriate for THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, I recall how time and again it has been debated whether an article was of such intellectual importance that a reader would put up with the turgidity of its style, the dullness of its manner or of its details. It has been instructive to see most of the most stringent scholars present wax most critical of the stylistic defects of some manuscript by an indubitable authority on the subject on which he was writing. It has been interesting to watch some of the more literary

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minds plead for an article rather laborious in the reading on the ground that it had something important or useful to say.

It has been entertaining as well as instructive, too, to see how in the course of discussion, unexpected areas of interest or devotion would appear in given members of the board, historians who knew all about the popular songs of twenty years ago, botanists whose private passion was poetry, social scientists who knew all about ants. Quarterly dinners at THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR are not a bad place to supplement comfortably one's education, and I think that only the exigencies of train schedules have ever persuaded anyone to leave early.

These dinners remain in my mind not for any single person, but I cannot help noting one member of these parties who has left us too early and for good. For the quality of general vivid human communication, an alertness to everything human, and a genial critical sense about everything that concerned the alive human being, no one present ever equalled William Allan Neilson. He is being more adequately memorialized elsewhere in these pages, but William Allan Neilson is not the least part of the explanation I have sought as to what makes one of this board remember the quarterly board dinners.

Coming in the Winter Issue . . .

Phi Beta Kappa and the State of the Union	William T. Hastings
Are We Americans Politically Adolescent?	William G. Carleton
Merchants of Light	L. Ruth Middlebrook
Emerson's Pragmatic Mood	Eduard C. Lindeman

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The Revolving Bookstand

Postwar Broadway

Richard Watts, Jr.

Most people in the theater would not believe it, but no one can get more sentimental about the drama than one of its professional critics. That sentimentality, always close to the surface in even the most studiously cynical members of what the late John Anderson used to call the League of Nathans, bursts forth with particular shamelessness when the critic happens to find himself in exile. To cease hiding behind generalities, this quondam play reviewer, in wartime residence in mist-enshrouded Chungking — and watching the valiant efforts of idealistic Chinese playwrights to build a new national drama more in keeping with the emotional and intellectual needs of the awakening Chinese people than the graceful elegances of their classic stage — became inexcusably dreamy about the American theater.

It seemed to me from my distant vantage point that the drama was the one authentic International, that it was the finest possible medium for the expression of the common ideals of One World, and that the Chinese playwrights, looking upon their American colleagues as spiritual brothers in art and democracy, were giving proper recognition to our theatre's place as the hope and defender of a great cultural tradition handed down from Sophocles and Shakespeare. It even seemed possible that our dramatists would come to see the dignity of their position and try to do something worthy of it. I bring up this old fervor of mine to demonstrate the starry-eyed emotionalism possible to a drama critic, because the New York theater, which means the American theater, has had its first postwar season and certainly revealed nothing to justify my wild hopes for it.

Before going into details about the late theatrical year, I should like to enter one apology for it. If it was not rich in masterpieces or a high spirit of adventure, there is at least the honorable excuse that a large percentage of its best talents, in writing, acting and directing, in potentiality as well as in actual achievement, was absent at the war. From Robert E. Sherwood, who was both presidential adviser and head of our propaganda to enemy, neutral and allied lands; to the bit-playing young actors who suddenly found themselves seasoned GIs — a vast number of Americans who might have been contributing to the progress of the drama were contributing to the winning of the war, and it was bound to take some time for them to get back to the business of the theater. The only trouble with waiting is that, thanks to the achievements of U.S.O. Camp Shows and such players as Katharine Cornell and Maurice Evans, hundreds of thousands of young Americans were exposed to the living theater for the first time and found that they liked it. Potential new audiences of great importance to the future of the drama were created, but unless something is done to keep their interest very soon, they will be going back to their movies.

Obviously one of the first things that must be seen to if this new public, so vital to the health and soundness of a genuinely national drama, is not to be lost again is the matter of

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RICHARD WATTS, JR., critic and foreign correspondent, was drama reviewer for the *New York Herald Tribune* until 1942. During the war he was with the Office of War Information, first as representative in Dublin and special assistant to the American Minister to Eire, and then as editor-in-chief of the China Division in Chungking.

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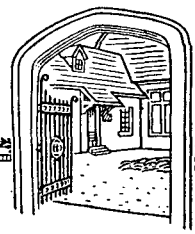

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admission prices. With production costs what they are, the commercial theater's price scale makes playgoing an expensive luxury limited to the comparatively few. If going to the theater is to be made part of the life of those audiences built up in war time, such non-commercial organizations as Theater Incorporated, the American Repertory Theater and New York's City Center must bear the brunt of the job until the commercial managers devise some way of bringing their product within the means of a public which has shown that it prefers living actors to shadow players when given the chance.

If the war proved a handicap to the drama in its first peacetime season, it also provided the two most promising new playwrights. They were a pair of ex-enlisted men named Harry Brown and Arthur Laurents, authors respectively of *A Sound of Hunting* and *Home of the Brave*. For a variety of reasons neither play was a popular success, but both of them showed freshness of imagination, forthright dramatic intensity, shrewdness of observation, and vigor of dialogue. Mr. Brown was already favorably known as poet, creator of Artie Greengroin, PFC, and author of the moving *A Walk in the Sun;* Mr. Laurents is a successful radio writer. But these were their first works for the theater and revealed them as dramatists of integrity and genuine power. I found *A Sound of Hunting* the more striking of the two dramas and would set it down as, for example, a more honest, if less moving, study of men at war than R. C. Sherriff's celebrated *Journey's End*. Yet it did lack the emotional intensity of *Home of the Brave*, which also contemplated anti-Semitism, and it received less critical praise than the Laurents work.

As I have said, neither was a popular success, and the reasons deserve contemplation. One cause of their audience failure was perhaps that for all their excellence they were not completely realized dramas. More important, though, was the fact that they dealt with the war. There is no doubt that throughout the season playgoers showed a real aversion to serious dramas that reminded them of something they decidedly wanted to forget. They went to see *The Rugged Path*, which was a war play, as long as Spencer Tracy was in it, but that was because he was a famous movie actor who was actually at home on a stage; and they are still flocking to see *Call Me Mister*, a delightful revue dealing with the soldier's return to civilian life, but that is in part because it has music and comedy. What they obviously do not want to see for the time being is realistic and deeply emotional treatment of the harrowing days of the struggle against the Axis. And, since the theater must obey its audiences, there is no escaping that verdict, as much as one may scorn the refusal to face honest dramatic reality which it implies.

Returning for a moment to *Call Me Mister*, it is worth noting that its success is due, not only to its music and gayety, but also — and perhaps chiefly — to its keen-eyed and rather scornful satire aimed at army red tape, army caste and other aspects of wartime life and habits which an essentially civilian army found so galling. Thus this enormously successful revue, in its hilarious way, expresses essentially the same war-weary mood that playgoers have been revealing all through the season.

Oddly enough, the critics gave evidence of sharing that emotional squeamishness of the audiences. *A Sound of Hunting* received a few good notices from the reviewers, and *Home of the Brave* several more, but in both cases there was the suggestion that a great deal of the disapproval was aroused not so much by admitted defects in the plays themselves as by the fact that they dealt with the war. In fact, from one or two of the hostile reviews accorded not only these, but the two other works contemplating recent history, suspicious observers received the impression that the reviewers, uncomfortably feeling that they had been left out of things when great events were taking place, bore some sort of subconscious resentment to playwrights who had participated in them and were impolite enough to keep bringing the matter up. Since a sizable number of the coming generation of dramatists are going to be men who did take part in the war and will probably have various things to say about it, and the Second World War's equivalent to the magnificent *What Price Glory* is certain to come along some day, it can only be hoped that this particular squeamishness of playgoers and critics will not persist.

When the Drama Critics' Circle met in more or less solemn conclave at the close of the season and failed to agree on the best new play, there was so much resulting annoyance that even one of the reviewers withdrew from the august organization in fairly high dudgeon; but there is much to be said for the unpopular decision. There really was no work of true dramatic stature that emerged

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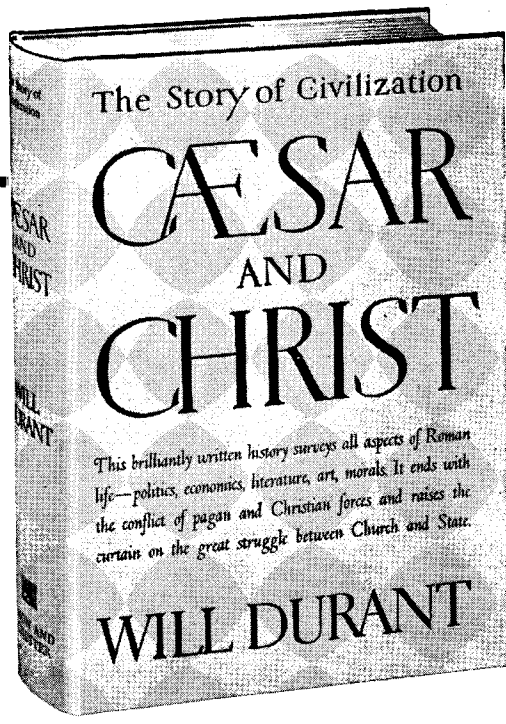

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during the period. In my opinion, *A Sound of Hunting* deserved a higher critical rating than any of its competitors on the score of its observation and creative imagination, and it is easy to understand the feelings of those who felt the same way about *Home of the Brave*. But in both cases the defects were inescapable and in the end it was the promise, rather than the achievement of the authors, which was most important. On the other hand, *State of the Union*, by Lindsay and Crouse, and *Born Yesterday*, by Garson Kanin, were clearly more expert and professional and were far happier as shows, but lacked the creative fire of the two war plays. Possibly the Drama Critics' Circle was wiser than it is usually credited with being.

Certainly both *State of the Union* and *Born Yesterday* are enormously likeable and entertaining plays, which mix considerable wisdom with their laughter and a great deal of warmth with their comic expertness. In a medium in which assured professional competence is far from common, there is something comforting about coming upon such delightful dexterity in writing and direction. It is true that both comedies have their frankly derivative aspects — *State of the Union*, with its liberal business man turned politician and the wife who teaches him wisdom and independence, immediately suggests *What Every Woman Knows;* while *Born Yesterday*, with its gutter chorus girl taught to think honestly by the liberal magazine writer, stems of course from *Pygmalion* — but their variations on celebrated themes are so expertly managed that they acquire new freshness.

Forced to pick between them, I would choose *Born Yesterday* for several reasons. Although both have an easy mechanical expertness which suggests at moments that they have been manufactured rather than written, it seems to me, for one thing, the fresher and more spontaneous of the two. Then also, its triangle of the predatory junk dealer with the Fascist mentality, the chorus girl who gets the religion of liberalism, and the magazine writer who exposes her to culture and economics, seems more original than the successful-man-who-owes-it-all-to-his-wife theme — which was also used in the warm if undramatic play about Justice Holmes, called *The Magnificent Yankee* — that *State of the Union* employs so effectively. (It might, incidentally, be a good thing if playwrights dropped for a while that theme of the wife who is sweetly responsible for her dolt of a husband's success in life, lest all successful American husbands find themselves stricken by an inferiority complex of staggering proportions.) Of course, no one contemplating the excellence of *Born Yesterday* can overlook the contributions that Judy Holliday as the chorus girl and Paul Douglas as the junk dealer make to its success.

It has already been noted that *Home of the Brave* dealt not only with men at war but with anti-Semitism, which problem it blended quite successfully with its war theme until an unsatisfying and curiously defeatist last scene. Certainly that ending, in which the author makes a symbolic comparison between the handicaps of two war veterans — one has lost an arm in battle; the other is a Jew — lacks the fighting spirit of the play at its best. The American theater has not always been noted for the timeliness of its social thinking, but it must be said for the past season that it has tried earnestly and angrily to pillory the racial bigots. Prejudice against the Jew was assailed not only in Mr. Laurents' drama but in another polemical work called *This Too Shall Pass*, which was written with unhappy triteness. It was anti-Negro prejudice, though, which came in for the most thorough dramatic scrutiny, being the subject of no less than four dramas — *Deep Are the Roots*, *Strange Fruit*, *Jeb* and *On Whitman Avenue*, to name them in the order in which they were produced.

It is characteristic of the perversity of the theater — or perhaps of my own perversity — that, of these four plays, the one which seemed to me the best had the shortest run, while the most financially triumphant of the lot struck me as having the least dramatic integrity. I do not doubt that Messrs. Gow and d'Usseau, who wrote the successful *Deep Are the Roots*, were completely in earnest in their scorn for the shabby treatment accorded the returned Negro soldier in his native south. Nevertheless, their plot scheme was so obviously fabricated and their writing so lacking in dramatic fire that, so far as I was concerned, their work missed the fierce integrity which might have brought it to life. For me the unfortunate impression was created that the play had been written more from a shrewd commercial conviction about the likely popularity of a pro-liberal melodrama on the race problem than from any passionate resentment of injustice. On the other hand, Robert Ardrey's *Jeb* was not smoothly constructed and it had the un-

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happy quality of running downhill dramatically after the first few scenes, but it possessed a passionate honesty and simple eloquence that more than atoned for its mechanical lapses. And, in suggesting the economic background of the poor white's dread of Negro progress, it had far more to say about its subject than the successful *Deep Are the Roots*, Lillian Smith's disarming but cramped dramatization of her own *Strange Fruit*, or the occasionally effective *On Whitman Avenue* put together. It also had a brilliant performance by a young Negro actor named Ossie Davis. It lasted less than a week.

One of the entertaining events of the season was the renewal of that everlasting battle between the theater and its critics. There is one thing that every generation of dramatic critics must meet: the cry that the reviewers of today are no good but their predecessors were a race of giants. To playwrights, actors and directors who must face the casual midnight onslaughts of the journalistic camp followers of the drama, it is clear that the only good drama critic is the dead drama critic. I have never done any research in the matter, but I am sure that Aristotle must have been told by irate dramatists that he was an insect who had destroyed the once-brilliant traditions of his craft. It must be added, though, that, since the so-called creative side of show business always has resented the professional carpers, the law of averages must make it correct in its attacks at least part of the time. There is always the outside possibility that when a dramatist says a critic is an idiot he is quite right in what he is saying.

As an ex-newspaper drama reviewer, who used to hear that he was an unworthy successor to such a great man as the late Percy Hammond, and now is told that he and his pre-Pearl Harbor colleagues were really giants, I am perhaps not in a position to speak impartially on the controversial question of current play reviewing. I may suggest however that, although the reviewers are constantly calling for worthy new dramatic talents in playwriting, they appeared surprisingly chill when Harry Brown and Arthur Laurents came forward with just such talents. Irwin Shaw's play about the killing of Admiral Darlan, "The Assassin," was by no means everything to be hoped for from such a skillful writer, but it had dignity and several fine scenes. Yet it was set upon by the re-

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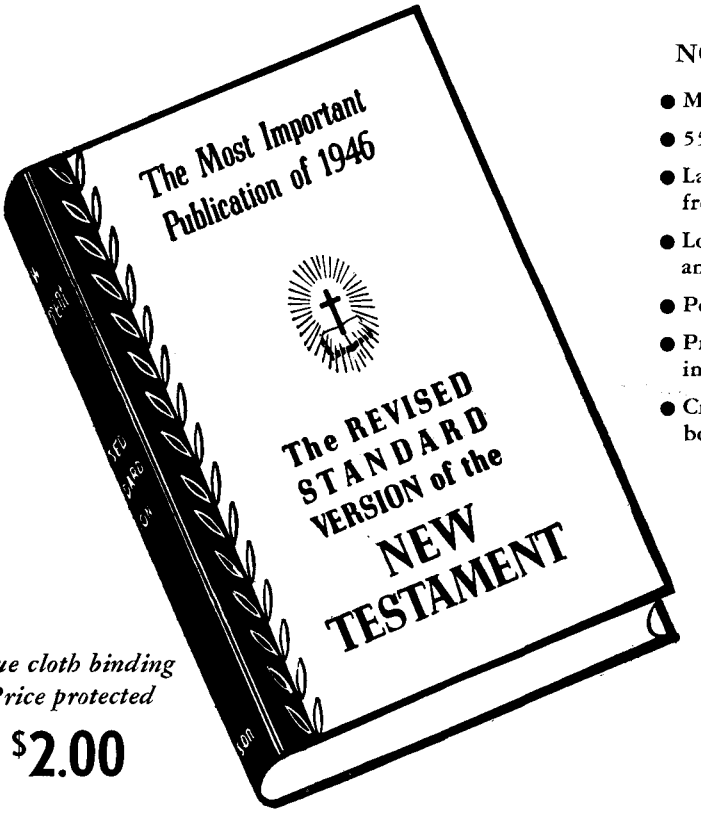

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viewers as if the author had committed some outrage, one of them even making the remarkable suggestion that he had libeled the Vichyites. I don't blame Mr. Shaw for getting a bit angry in his introduction to the published version of the play.

It was my impression, too, that Robert E. Sherwood's play was attacked in some quarters for its politics more than for its defects. *The Rugged Path* was rather a dramatized liberal editorial assailing the prewar isolationists than a properly integrated play on the subject, and there was the suggestion that Mr. Sherwood had written it, not so much because he had a drama in mind, but just because, after such a lengthy stretch of government service, he longed to have something new on the stage and, having a number of things he wanted to get off his chest, decided to write them out as speeches for actors. That, however, isn't what appeared to annoy a few of the reviewers. I gathered they were mad because the play had as its hero a newspaper man who wasn't content to stay at his desk while a war was going on.

In the several instances quoted, there was considerable reason for resenting the critics, but, unfortunately, the next two attacks tended to justify the reviewers' belief that they were being persecuted. When Maxwell Anderson called them "the Jukes family of journalism" because they disliked *Truckline Cafe*, the worst play he has ever written, and those pleasantly antic gentlemen, the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur, snarled at them for not liking their dismal little murder drama, *Swan Song*, the reasonable basis for objecting to criticism was destroyed. It is a shame, because it is a good thing for the critics to be fought back at by their victims from time to time; it keeps them from feeling like bullies, which they tend to become when they go about dealing out blows, and no one dares retort to them.

To some aging playgoers the high point of the season was the revival of two celebrated American musical shows, *The Red Mill* and *Show Boat*. On the whole, the first was the less important of the two events, because, while Victor Herbert's score was just as charming as theatrical legend had proclaimed it, the show did not otherwise wear its age too becomingly. There were several reasons why the success of *Show Boat* was gratifying to so many playgoing veterans. Chiefly it was because the Hammerstein-Kern version of Edna Ferber's novel held such a place in the memories of those of us who had once felt

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that the '20's were a gay and glamorous period and had come of later years to recognize that it was a doomed and disreputable era also. *Show Boat* had seemed a fond part of the days of our youth; would it in revival let us down by proving to be just another of our sad disillusionments? Could the daring Carol Bruce win forgiveness for her sacrilege in taking the place of the sainted Helen Morgan? When it turned out that the songs in *Show Boat* were just as fine as we had insisted, that its romantic spell was as great as ever, that Miss Bruce was even lovelier than our dreams of Helen Morgan, and that an upstart generation of playgoers, instead of mocking us for our sentimentality, humbly admitted that we had been right in everything we had claimed — all of us felt we had scored a personal victory. There was a fine, hearty Irving Berlin musical show called *Annie Get Your Gun*, starring the amazing Ethel Merman, and another pretty good musical called *Billion Dollar Baby*, featuring the oncoming Joan McCracken, which actually dared to make fun of the '20's, but *Show Boat* continued to be the American musical comedy masterpiece.

The international cultural event, of course, was the six-weeks visit to New York of London's famous Old Vic company, playing the two parts of *King Henry IV*, *Oedipus*, *The Critic* and *Uncle Vanya*. Although there were a few expressions of disappointment and a couple of the reviewers sounded like outraged isolationists, the reception accorded the visitors was enthusiastic, and they were a popular as well as critical success. I think the enthusiasm was entirely justified. The Old Vic is certainly not the finest acting group imaginable; the actors were at times inaudible and a few of them not exceptionally competent; the productions were sometimes less than inspired, and their *Uncle Vanya*, although it captured the essence of a magnificent play, was once or twice downright clumsy. Nevertheless the virtues were far greater than their faults. Their *Oedipus* was brilliant; by doing both parts of *Henry IV*, they showed that what ordinarily seems a formless chronicle play has remarkable form and unity, and that those rarely done tavern scenes between Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet can be hilarious; they showed us a fine actor in Ralph Richardson and let us see that Laurence Olivier, who used to seem a pleasant movie hero, has become just about the finest actor seen in New York since the heyday of

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John Barrymore; above all, they showed us how the true spirit of a repertory company can provide a quality of excellence that in some mystic way is considerably greater than the sum of the individual performances. Incidentally, the Old Vic visit was shrewdly managed by that new non-profit-making theatrical group known as Theater Incorporated, which also offered the successful Gertrude Lawrence revival of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, and plans all sorts of things for next season, such as a production of *The Playboy of the Western World* and the establishment of an experimental stage.

There were a number of matters, both pleasant and unpleasant, which should be recorded in a chronicle of the season's activities. Among them must certainly be included the brilliant comic playing of the Lunts in *O Mistress Mine;* the exciting *Hamlet* that Maurice Evans originally prepared and played for the GIs in the Pacific; the versatile playing of Betty Field in Elmer Rice's *Dream Girl;* the charming work of Beatrice Pearson in John Van Druten's unsuccessful *The Mermaids Singing;* the Theater Guild's lack of success with two such experienced playwrights as William Shakespeare (*The Winter's Tale*) and S. N. Behrman (*Dunnigan's Daughter*); the great pictorial beauty of the pseudo-Chinese *Lute Song;* the unsuccessful effort at collaboration between Bobby Clark and Molière in *The Would-Be Gentleman;* the interesting but rather undramatic Katharine Cornell attempt to do *Antigone* the way the French had produced it, as a subtle comment on tyranny during the German occupation; the worst musical show to reach New York in the memory of man or critic (*The Duchess Misbehaves*); and, last but far from least, Orson Welles's frequently hilarious extravaganza *Around the World*, based on Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days*. It was a transitional period in the American theater and not a very exciting one, but it had its lively moments.

Editor's Note

Ordinarily, THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND *presents a distinguished guest reviewer writing on recent outstanding books in a single given field. For this Anniversary Number, however, the editors decided to ask Mr. Watts to do a review of the past year in the theater.*

In the Winter Issue . . .

THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND will present Edmund Fuller as guest reviewer.

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OUR READERS COMMENT

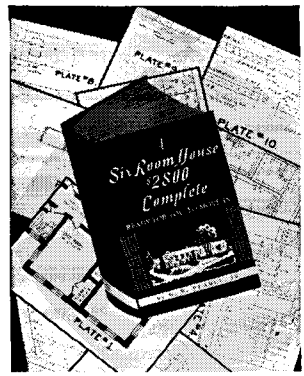
An Analysis and a Suggestion

To the Editor: Having read THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR regularly for several years, it is a pleasure to write that each issue has been enjoyable and illuminating. Your policy that learning, in its widest sense, should be made available and clear to the "thoughtful general reader" seems wise and fruitful.

Since THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR strives to represent the whole structure of "learning" or "scholarship" in all its manifestations, it must take care to balance its choice of articles in such a way that the scientific, the literary, educational, historical, religious and current event fields, among others, find adequate representation. The tremendously broad scope of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR is one of its most stimulating features. The *American Scientist* on the other hand, has no such basic problem of selection, since it is narrowed to papers of scientific interest. Current events and history find their place, but only insofar as they are related to science. Thus, not only are we free of the problem of preserving the balance among many fields of scholarship, but also our quarterly is unified by its single interest.

There is one important obligation, however, that THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR and the *American Scientist* have in common at this time and in the future. That is the furtherance of understanding among peoples of the world. THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR can fulfill this obligation, first, by publishing papers dealing with the culture of other countries in relationship with ours. Secondly, since it is your wish to represent basic trends and tendencies, surely that toward international organization should be thoroughly considered. A readily available topic of study, and one without serious competition in its supreme importance, is that of the United Nations. Brief consideration of this subject was presented by Sumner Welles in the Spring Issue. THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR might well publish a series of articles, or even inaugurate a regular department, in order fully to explain the ideals, the structure, and the events within this organization. The *American Scientist* is trying to fulfill the same obligation, first, by publishing papers written by the scientists of other countries and thus fostering contact between scientists and, second, by dealing with the problem of atomic energy in its application to world politics.

HARRIETT MARSH
The AMERICAN SCIENTIST, *New Haven, Conn.*



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OUR READERS COMMENT, *continued*

Ad Nauseam

To Professor Edman:

Under what sky do you thus latinate:
AMERICAN SCHOLAR page 368?
As Phi Bete and, eke, philological ex,
Whom Solecist spellings egregiously vex,
I couldn't help gagging at *ad nauseum;*
Somehow it doesn't sit well on my tum.
The *Nausea*, I know, is a delicate miss
Who grants me at times just a fugitive kiss
(She might be Phaeacian Nausicaa's sister);
It was, I admit, with regret that I mister
To find in her place such a palpable bum
Under your sky as that clown *Nauseum.*
It was (I am sure you'll excuse my surprise)
Quite startling enough to make my gorge rise.
But, grateful for all the good writing you forge us,
The rest of your stuff I admit to be gorgeous,
And under a form that may seem superficial
The substance is firm — that, friend, is official

JOHN SCHOLTE NOLLEN
Grinnell, Iowa

Editor's Note: The mistake appeared in Irwin Edman's department, "Under Whatever Sky," in the Summer, 1946, Issue. The editors are duly chastened for their inadequate proofreading.

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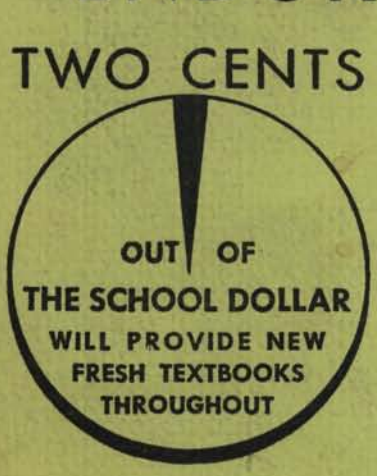
Moore

ATOMIC ENERGY FOR ENDURING PEACE



Medical Uses of Atomic Energy is the title of an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Professor Robley D. Evans of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This institution was prominent in the development of aromic energy and the discovery of the atomic bomb.

Dr. Evans' article shows that through medical advances alone atomic energy has already saved more lives than were snuffed out by the bombs.

The subject of atomic energy reminds us that pupils in our schools have the right to study out of textbooks which tell of atomic development. Such textbooks can be found in Physics and Chemistry.

Not only in Science, but in Geography, the Social Studies and Mathematics, young American pupils have the right to study from new books which have the latest developments in the subject. Such books are available.

A complete equipment of new textbooks costs less than 2 percent of each school dollar. Pretended economies reducing textbook purchases save only a very small sum at the cost of impaired results for the pupils.

Textbooks and teaching are a team, each necessary to the other. Let us have the best of both.

BELOW ARE LISTED A FEW OF THE TEXTBOOKS IN THE ABOVE-NAMED SUBJECTS WHICH ARE AVAILABLE TO YOUNG PUPILS OF AMERICA:

Stull-Hatch Victory Geographies
Quinlan Basal Primary Readers
Rainbow Readers, Adventures in Science
Adventures in English, New Language Books
Adventures in Language, Activity Notebooks
Magruder's American Government in 1946
Hughes' Building Citizenship
Townsend's Our America
Hughes' Making of Today's World
West and West's History Series
Global Geography for High Schools
Wood and Carpenter's Our Environment
A Complete Modern Science Series
Brownlee's Elements of Chemistry
Fuller, Brownlee and Baker's Physics
Smallwood's New Biology
Stein's Refresher Arithmetic
The New Mathematics Series
Edgerton and Carpenter's Algebras
Chardenal Textbooks in French
Smith-Thompson's First Year Latin

Allyn and Bacon

Boston **New York** **Chicago** **Atlanta** **Dallas** **San Francisco**

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